

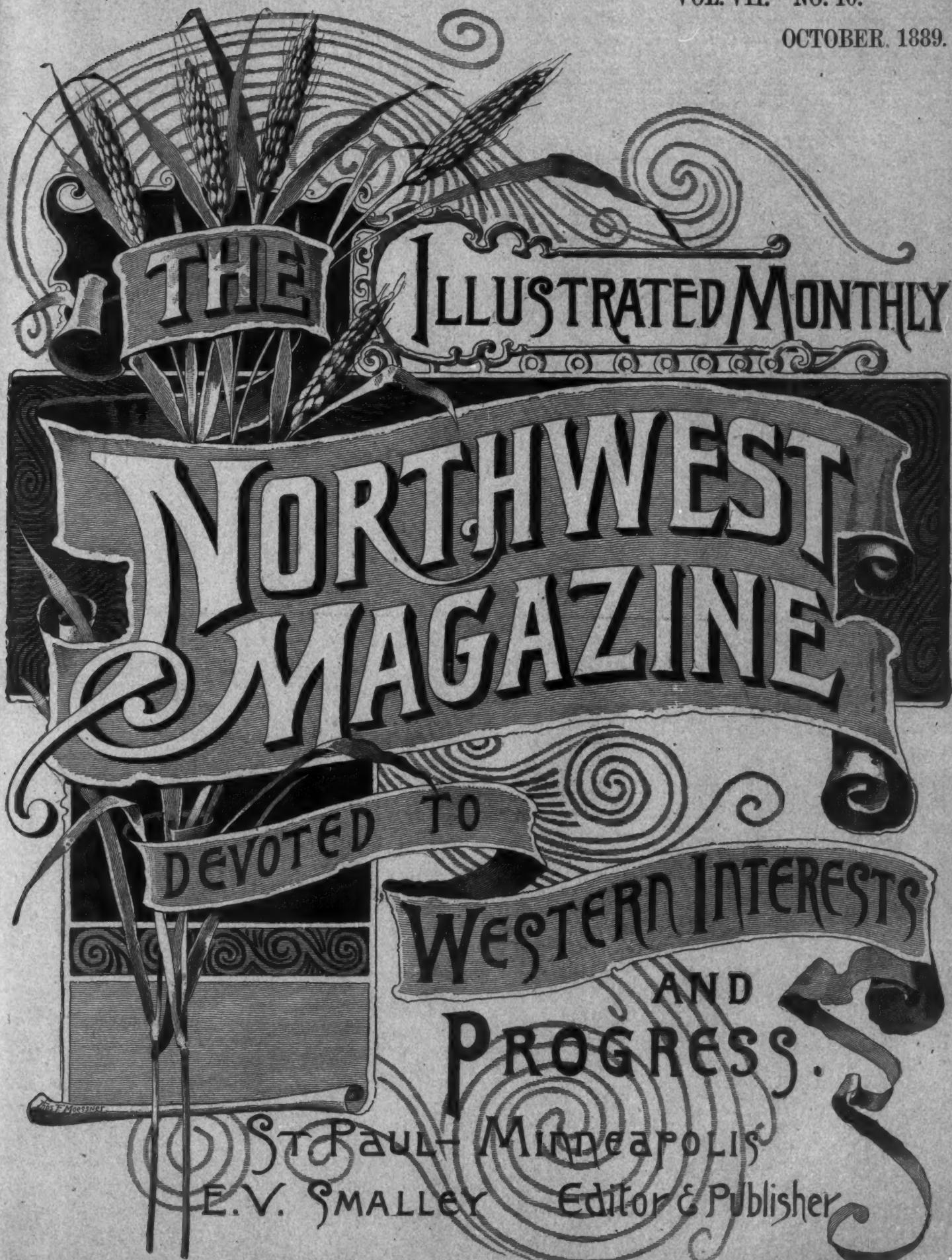
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VOL. VII. NO. 10.

OCTOBER. 1889.



Subscription Price, \$2 per Year. Single Copies, 20 Cents.

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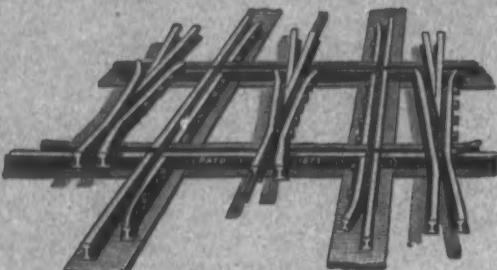
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THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII.—No. 10.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, OCT., 1889.

TERMS: { 20 CENTS PER COPY.
\$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE PICTURED ROCK OF LAKE CHELAN.

In that part of Washington Territory until recent years known as the Moses Indian Reservation lies the famous Lake Chelan, seventy miles in length with an average width of two miles.

About half a mile from its head on the western shore, and rising from the water in an abrupt and precipitous wall of granite, stands "Pictured Rock." But it differs from the pictured rocks of Lake Superior in this wise: the picture or rather hieroglyphics were made by the hands of Indians long since gathered to their forefathers, while the coloring of the Lake Superior rocks is Nature's own handiwork.

The most remarkable feature of the Chelan picture is, that the figures representing Indians, bear, deer, birds etc., are painted upon the surface of the smooth granite, nearly parallel with the surface of the water but about seventeen feet above the present surface of the lake; the upper portion of the picture being about two feet higher. The figures depicted are from five to ten inches long.

The difference between high and low stage of water at any period during the year does not exceed four feet, and this high water mark being well defined along the shores, it becomes self evident that these signs were placed there ages ago when the water was seventeen feet higher than it is now. The granite bluff or walls in this instance are smooth, being weather and water worn, and afford no hold for hand or foot either from above or below, and from careful observation it would appear to be a physical impossibility for either a white or red man to show his artistic skill on those rocks unless at the ancient stage of water and the aid of a canoe or a "dug-out."

The paint or color used was black and red, the latter resembling venetian, and probably were mineral colors. Be this as it may, for how wonderfully the color has stood the test in the face of the storms to which the lake is subject is apparent; only in one or two instances does it to-day show any signs of fading or weather wearing. I leave it to students of aboriginal history to decipher the signs—if they can—but they impressed me as intending to convey the idea of the prowess of an Indian chief in the hunt, or as being a page in the history of a tribe, the small perpendicular strokes seen in the lower portion indicating probably the number of bear, deer, or other animals slain.

I made the accompanying drawing quite recently whilst returning from the Ste-he-kin River, the main tributary of Lake Chelan, flowing in from the northwest and emptying its milky colored waters into the

very head of the lake, whose waters are exceedingly transparent and of immense depth. No soundings as far as I could learn have been made, although it is reported to be 700 feet deep in one place. The draw-

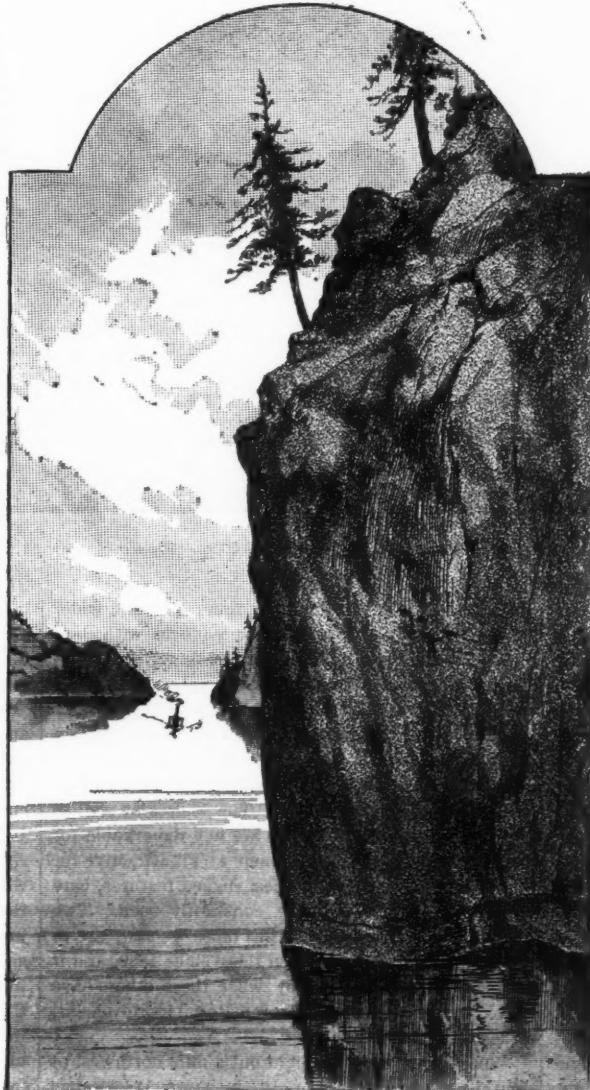
and was built on the lake out of green lumber! She is owned and run by Capt. W. Goggins, one of the most accommodating of men, who will make a landing anywhere in order to give his passengers sport with rod or gun.

At the mouth of Ste-he-kin River, trolling for trout with spoon was indulged in, using the propeller's skiff for that purpose, and well were we rewarded, for in one day, upwards of thirty-five speckled trout were caught, the largest being twenty-two inches in length and the smallest fourteen inches. The large game, however, during the terrific forest fires in that region had been forced to flee to the snow line or other safe retreats in order to escape the all-devouring element which, during the first ten days of August consumed so much of the valuable timber of the Cascade Mountains in that vicinity; many of the fires being the result of gross negligence and utter carelessness on the part of hunters, campers and others who leave their camp fires burning to be blown about by all the winds of heaven. In some cases the fires were said to have been wilfully started. The question of forest fires is an alarming one and grows more so year by year. If the trees themselves could but speak, there would such a wall go up as would be heard in the halls of Congress itself.

As to grand, majestic scenery there is no finer than along the shores of Lake Chelan. It is rock-bound for almost its entire length, its rocky sides heavily timbered, towering up from the water to a height of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, make the journey up or down the lake a moving panorama. The pictured rock was first observed by Lt. Col. H. C. Merriam, Second United States Infantry, who ascended the lake by canoe in 1880, in company with In-no-mo-setch-a, Chief of the Chelan Indians, who is now a very old man. Neither the old chief nor any other Indians of the lake could tell anything about the signs on the rock except that they had been put there in the long ago, and of which they had no knowledge or tradition.

The lake has no appreciable current, and its altitude is about 1,250 feet above sea level. At its foot or outlet is the Chelan River, a violent stream three and one-half miles in length and with a fall of 350 feet in that distance and there uniting with the Upper Columbia River.

A townsite has already been laid off at the foot of the lake and a saw mill is in operation; the very finest of cedar, fir and pine being obtainable at the upper part of the lake and rafted down by propeller. The town in embryo is called Chelan. One steamer a week runs on the Upper Columbia from Rock



PICTURED ROCK, LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

ing was made from the deck of a small propeller which runs from the foot of the lake to its head, and trips are made only when hunters, tourists or prospectors desire to go. The distance is seventy miles and the run up can be made in one day. The propeller rejoices in the name of the "Belle of Chelan"

Island Landing to the mouth of the Okanagan and return. In the early summer two trips each week are made. A stage line from Ellensburg on the Northern Pacific Railroad to Rock Island landing (forty-five miles) runs in connection with the boat. To say the least this part of the journey is a hard, rocky and tortuous ride, but the driver was a careful and merciful one.

To the tourist, the hunter or the man of leisure, Lake Chelan is no longer a sealed book. The sturdy settler and the prospector is already there, the latter already revealing the hidden treasures of that region; silver ore having been recently found in paying quantities and new development being constantly made.

ALFRED DOWNING.

Seattle, Wash., August 18th, 1889.

THROUGH THE COTEAUX OF NORTH DAKOTA.

Leaving Edgeley at an early hour on the morning of August 7th, in an easy riding spring wagon drawn by a pair of bronchos and driven by W. E. Nealy, were General Max. Woodhull of New York, President of the Minnesota and Dakota Land and Investment Company, and the writer. As the trip was to extend as far as Bismarck and perhaps farther, we were prepared for "camping out" in all essential requisites except a tent, and as this would have encumbered the wagon, we dispensed with it and relied on continued good weather and the facility of finding shelter in the event of rain. The object of the trip was to see and obtain some intelligent knowledge of the Coteaux within the land grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Our route for the first days out lay in Towns 133 and 134 and Ranges sixty-four to seventy-one. It was not until after mid-day, when we halted for our noon rest and feed, that we left settlements behind us. The early part of the morning had carried us into, and past the first lines of the Coteaux on the east, and opened out into a wide stretch of fertile, rolling

prairie, more rolling than any part of the upper Sheyenne or James River valleys and equally fertile if not more so, and on both sides of our route we saw scattered habitations of Scandinavians and at noon came to a settlement of German speaking Russians. These people have been for several years coming into the counties of McIntosh, Logan and Emmons and 175 families came in and located themselves this year. It is evident that "they have come to stay" and as they will form a portion of that foreign population which in North Dakota will mingle with and assist in making a distinctive American type of the English speaking race, I will notice a few of the elements of character that fell under our notice. They are in the first place a very frugal and industrious people. They take up their claims on the Government sections and they display excellent judgment in their selections, going all over the sections and selecting the 160 acres of the best land in forty acre portions lying contiguous, so that it is not an uncommon thing to find one claim a mile long in the center of the section. This is a favorite practice and another also, in the form of an L. As these leave fractions which it is not probable any one will file on, it is seen that each settler has a surplus for pasture or meadow, which he does not pay for or is not likely to be called on to pay for, for many years. Their first houses are built of inverted sods of the prairie and are in almost all cases of two apartments, one of which is used for the

family and is subdivided by sod walls. The fireplace is built of yellow clay with openings from each apartment so as to economize both space and heat. The other apartment, divided from the family by a wall of sod with a door on one side, is for the fowls, pigs and cattle belonging to the family. In many of the houses we saw, it was at first difficult to say which one was the dwelling of the family and which the other. Their floors consist, at first of the earth after the sod is removed and over this in a little while is spread clay in a plastic state which with their bare feet is carefully trodden by the male members of the family until it forms a compact dry mass. The roof is of sod, supported by timbers cut from the nearest belt of woods that skirt the rivers and lakes in the Coteaux. Every one that we saw who had come in prior to June last, had broken more or less land and sowed flax on the breaking and with scarcely an exception the crop was a good one. The next step in their dwellings will be building outside of the sod walls, solid adobe walls of brick, made of the clay everywhere abounding. We passed several claims where these bricks were drying. The clay is mixed with water, sand, straw and a preparation of the gray subsoil which is under the soil of all the rolling prairie and which contains over thirty per cent. of lime, and then cut carefully into bricks of ten

County, a small hamlet in a beautiful and fertile valley, well settled with young Americans and Germans. This is one of the three broad and fertile valleys which stretch from north to south through the Coteaux. They widen out in places to ten and twelve miles in width and the rich grass and strong sod and the very excellent fields of grain we passed during the whole of the forenoon of our second day's ride, not seeing a single poor field of wheat and seeing many that were good for eighteen, twenty and twenty-two bushels per acre, attested to the fertility of the soil and the abundance of rainfall. The road bed of the Aberdeen, Bismarck & Northwestern Railway passes up and across this valley on its way to the Missouri.

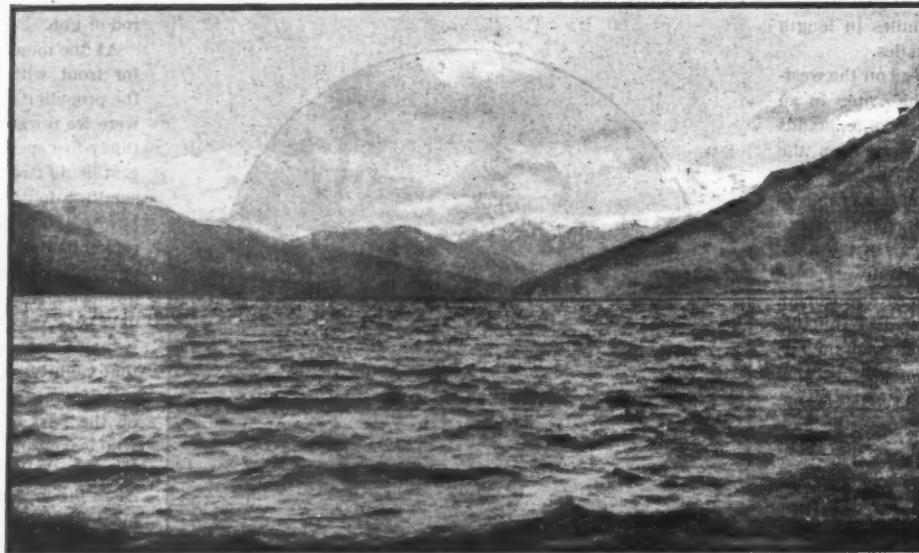
The afternoon of our second day was spent in the hills in ranges seventy-four or seventy-five, towns 133 and 134. These are a divide between the valley we had just left and the one we entered at nightfall.

The hills on these divides are good only for sheep and cattle pasture. The buffalo formerly grazed here in large numbers, as was evident from their well worn trails and from the remains of Indian camps we met with as also Indian graves and mounds. The grass is the nutritious buffalo and springs and water courses abound. Early in the evening we descended to the valley of the Beaver and passed down twenty-two miles to Winchester, passing claim after claim of

Russians on the way. We reached Winchester under the light of a full moon about midnight and found a hamlet of four or five houses, built several years ago when the owners aspired to the dignity of being the county seat of Emmons County, but the more attractive valley to the east and north on the other side of the divide drew the county seat to Williamsport. We found lodging for ourselves and team in the barn of a farmer half a mile away.

In the morning we were gratified to find this part of Emmons County well settled and we started about ten A. M. for our third day's ride and followed the Fort Sully trail over the high and long hills of the Missouri slope. These

VIEW ON LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.—[From a photograph.]



inches in length and four by four thick and wide. These, when laid up and plastered over with clay, make a house warm, durable and lasting. At all the claims we passed it was noted the carefulness with which the dwelling was placed so as to have water near by, either from a flowing spring or well, from ten to twenty-five feet deep. The flowing springs are abundant all through the Coteaux and the water, as also of the wells, excellent. The houses as well as the persons of these Russians are not remarkable for cleanliness nor are the women at all attractive for personal beauty. Rough faces, rugged features, bare feet and coarse hair, were constantly seen. Two settlements of the same class as those we saw, are in Foster County and have been there since 1882, and if we judge those we saw by what these others have done, five years more will show material improvement, at least in cleanliness.

We camped the first night out a mile northwest of Red Lake, in Logan County, in Town 134, Range seventy-one, at the claim of a German settler, the first one we had found since our noon-day halt, and found a most comfortable foundation for our blankets and robes on the end of his hay stack. The fresh milk and eggs supplied to us with all that hospitality could offer in the ways of hot and cold water, added not a little zest to our evening meal and our next morning breakfast. A ride to the northwest of ten miles brought us to Napoleon, the county seat of Logan

hills are covered by the usual buffalo grass and rise to a height of 1,800 and 2,000 feet above tide water and nearly 400 feet above the Missouri River. The rainfall on this slope has been very small this year so the grass was dried and brown and the heat was great, and this day's ride was the most, in fact the only unpleasant part of our nine days journey. We halted for our noon day rest in Town 134, Range seventy-eight, on a high hill in full sight of the "Big Muddy." In the afternoon drove to and up the valley of that river to Glencoe in Town 137, Range seventy-eight, where at the hospitable home of Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotchman, we found and heartily enjoyed a sound rest and sleep, leaving before sunset, going over his premises and those of his son on the same section, half a mile away, and spent the evening in a most agreeable manner in listening to some Scotch ballads and songs by the younger members of Mr. Campbell's family. This gentleman with his three sons is the owner of nearly 5,000 sheep, besides cattle and horses to a large number. Locating themselves here on a large bend in the river, their herds are pastured during the summer and fall on the wide and unoccupied pasture grounds to the eastward and in the winter are kept in the Coteaux, where two of his sons were, at the time of our visit, with nearly 3,000 of the sheep, putting up hay for their winter supply. The sturdy character of Mr. Campbell and his sons has impressed

itself on the whole neighborhood. A substantial plain church building of wood, with green blinds and painted white, is most conspicuously seen by every one who approaches Glencoe from any point of the compass, and its building and maintenance attest the traditional piety of this sturdy, rugged and exceedingly hospitable descendant of "the Campbell."

Our fourth day was spent until 5 p. m. in riding out fifteen miles and looking at the herd of horses and drove of cattle and flock of sheep, forming one-half of the Campbell Range. The familiarity with which many horses out of over 100 when called came up to the owner to be caressed, and the gentleness of many steers and young cattle among a drove of over 200, and their sleek hair as well as contented look, attested the fact that the master's eye was always there. His well known call among the 2,500 sheep and their answer also proved the same thing. Partaking of a most hearty meal after our return, we drove thirteen miles to Menoken, on the Northern Pacific railroad, east from Bismarck twelve miles, and found comfortable beds in the railroad section house.

We pursued our course north and west all next day through a fertile valley (the same we had been in the day before and which extends south by east through the Coteaux) to the northern limit of Burleigh County, halting at mid-day in Town 141 (on its extreme north line) and Range seventy-nine. Here we found a coal mine that had been opened and worked to a depth of forty feet. In this day's ride we passed several buttes which were pure sandstone formation and at our noon-day halt we examined one of them on the claim of a German named Weber, in Town 141, Range seventy-nine, in Burleigh County. The sandstone was of excellent quality and apparently inexhaustible. The butte rises fully seventy-five feet above the level of the prairie and the stone lay in horizontal strata's. The top had been quarried by the settler in getting stone for his own use, to a depth of two or three feet, and we were told by him that there were many other buttes of like formation found all around the locality. The stone is easily quarried and becomes very hard after being laid in the wall a few months. We examined the foundation of his buildings and found this to be the case. Pursuing our way in the afternoon we drove into Washburn. Soon after sunset of our fifth day we rested in the hotel kept by Mr. John Satterlund, who was at the time absent at Bismarck.

The country in the valley of the Missouri here was like we had found it two days before, very dry until we crossed the divide at the east, about four p. m. We had all day seen evidences of prosperity in all the settlements we had passed. After leaving Menoken five miles behind us we did not see a poor field of grain until we reached the Missouri Valley. We passed through a settlement of Russian Jews, who six years since had been sent to the northern part of Burleigh County. We found but few of them left—in one place three families, and we were told there were three more to the east of us—all that were left of about forty families originally. Unlike the German Russians, these people did not develop any power of adaptation. After outside aid was withdrawn they steadily left. Our sixth day was spent in McLean County. We visited and personally examined five coal openings and our drive to and from, and around, this day, was thirty-five miles. All McLean and the northwest of Burleigh counties are known to be underlaid with coal. We first met with it in Town 141, in Burleigh County, and we saw it in Towns 142, 144, 145 and 146, the latter in McLean County. The veins we saw were severally three, seven, and nine feet thick, and have been used for several years by all the settlers for their fuel. In the fall, when threshing is over and before winter sets in, each settler goes to the nearest opening and with pick, shovel and spade, digs and gets out his winter supply. Two mines in Burleigh County are worked by their owners and the coal sold to customers at \$2.50 per ton, but in McLean County each farmer mines his own supply. The largest vein we saw and the best one and the one most effectively worked was on a school section, number

thirty-six. The reason is obvious. There could be no charge for royalty now or for some years probably. All over McLean County back from the Missouri, the soil showed abundance of rain and the settlers' houses and out buildings were uniformly neat and thrifty. The cheapness of fuel was in direct contrast to the cost to settlers in the James, Sheyenne and Red River Valleys, and as this coal in the top veins is of a better quality than the top veins of those mines west of the Missouri, which was brought to Jamestown in 1881, it is a natural inference that the lower veins will be in proportion better also. The soil of McLean County is good and the surface is rolling prairie and abounds in springs and cold pure water in great plenty.

On the morning of Tuesday, our seventh day we started, after consultation had the day before, to drive through the Coteaux in the land grant to Carrington, over 100 miles. Our horses had endured the journey well thus far and as we were anxious to add to our knowledge whatever we could gain of the land in the north, we followed the line of survey on the south line of Town 145, Sheridan County, all the first day out and camped at night on the open prairie over forty miles from Washburn. There we met our first mishap in a heavy rain storm that came on us at midnight and continued all night, preventing sleep, and the mosquitoes added to our discomfort. We pursued our course next day, having the compass as our guide, for we found ourselves beyond the surveys. We found the same character of valley and ridge that we saw in the south, with the exception that in the north the wide reach of arable land between the dividing ridges was more extended and the numerous lakes of fresh water as well as springs, and the almost unlimited extent of natural meadows of rank and excellent grass, pointed this region out as excellent for not only grain raising but for stock farming. There are here as in the south three well defined broad valleys between the eastern slope of the Coteaux and the Missouri Valley. Their general course is from northwest to southeast. The western one showed signs of having less rain this season than usual, while the other two gave evidence of abundance of it. All up the Missouri Valley and in the first valley to the east as far as settlements extended we passed many fields of corn looking exceedingly well. The variety was in almost all cases the "Improved Ree" and "King Phillip." These varieties have for the past seven or eight years been successfully grown in those valleys, especially so in the Missouri Valley.

We camped on the night of the eighth day beside a small lake with a fringe of timber, in Range seventy-two, where a most luxuriant growth of grass that had not, as it seemed, ever seen or felt a prairie fire, afforded a most luxurious resting place and we slept soundly under a clear starlit sky. Next morning we crossed the eastern crest of the valley and drove out into the broad prairie that is settled west of Sykeston eighteen miles and stretches away to the Mouse River on the northwest. Our noon-day halt was at a settler's twelve miles west of Sykeston. Here we made a halt of more than the usual length and found a wash basin and clean towels and clear cold water as much of a luxury as was a pitcher of cold, delicious milk that was most hospitably and gladly furnished. Thence we drove leisurely to and through Sykeston to Carrington, arriving there at 7:30 p. m. on the ninth day of our departure from Edgely, having covered nearly, if not 450 miles quite, and laid away in memory as well as notes on the map, a most valuable store of information. After resting two nights and one day the team and Mr. Nealey wended their way home to Edgely while General Woodhull and the writer took the train on the tenth day at noon for Jamestown, where we parted, General Woodhull going east to St. Paul.

As the practical result of the trip and the observations, these conclusions were arrived at. The area of arable land within the Coteaux is larger than has been supposed. The soil is very fertile and covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and underlain with the same subsoil and clay as are the rolling prairies

in the Sheyenne and the James River valleys. The grass shows that the rainfall within the Coteaux has been abundant and to verify all this the well-worn buffalo trails show that this was the pasture ground of the buffalo, and the bleached bones and the evidences of Indian camps met with, showed that here the buffalo was killed by the Indians in bygone times. The numerous lakes, many of them of fresh water, and abundance of springs on the hill sides, together with the large meadows where from three to five tons per acre of the best hay can be cut, and also the rich pasturage on the hill sides of the Coteaux, point to this region as well adapted to stock raising and to corroborate all this we heard of several large ranches, besides that of Messrs. Campbell, being already established in the counties of Sheridan, Burleigh, Stutsman and Kidder. It also demonstrated the fact that the cultivating of corn as a standard crop will, in the near future become common. This is so largely in the Missouri Valley and the growing crop which we saw in the second valley east of the Missouri attested to the same fact. The "King Phillip" as well as the "Improved Ree" varieties are successfully cultivated and it is reasonably certain that this cultivation will extend into the James River and Sheyenne valleys. The high ridges and hills, as is natural, act as condensers of the clouds and therefore the rainfall is more certain than in the valleys east or west of the Coteaux.

B. S. RUSSELL.

AFTER THE COUNCIL.

The fire sinks low, the drifting smoke

Dies softly in the autumn haze,

And silent are the tongues that spoke

The speech of other days.

Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet

But now yon listening thicket stirred;

Unscared within its covert meet

The squirrel and the bird.

The story of the past is told,

But thou, O Valley, sweet and lone!

Glen of the Rainbow! thou shalt hold

Its romance as thine own.

Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime

Shall sometimes haunt their summer dreams,

And shape to low poetic rhyme

The music of thy streams.

When Indian summer flings her cloak

Of brooding azure on the woods,

The paths of a vanished folk

Shall tinge thy solitudes.

The blue smoke of their fires once more

Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,

And sunset's golden clouds restore

The red man's paradise.

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue

Shall cling to many a crag and cave,

In wash of falling waters sung,

Or murmur of the wave.

And oft in midmost hush of night,

Shrill o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,

Shall ring the war-cry from the height

That woke the wilds of yore.

Sweet Vale! more peaceful bend thy skies,

Thy airs are fraught with rarer balm;

A people's busy tumult lies

Hushed in the sylvan calm.

Oh, sweet thy peace! while fancy frames

Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled—

They loved thee, called thee gentle names,

In the long summers dead.

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke

Has vanished in the autumn haze;

Gone, too, O Vale! the simple folk

Who loved thee in old days.

But for their sakes—their lives serene—

Their loves, perchance, as sweet as ours—

Oh, be thy woods for aye more green,

And fairer bloom thy flowers!

DAVID GRAY.

ONLY.

Only a pensive, flop-eared mule,

Only a boy—but such a fool.

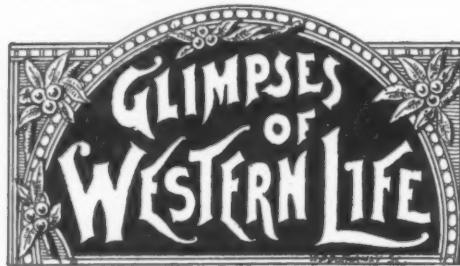
Only a twist of a paint-brush tail,

Only a faint ascending wail;

Only a speck in the sky afar,

Only the beautiful gates ajar.

W. E. P. F.



THE RAFTMAN'S YARN.

282 Off Eagle Point.

"Is that Eagle Point, sir? Why, yes, I believe;
An' you've heard of a curious yarn?
Well, yes, sir, I guess I could spin it again,
Tho' 'twas never none of my consarn.

"Well, this here's the crag, sir, we calls it 'The Pint,'
Shere face of the rock 'tis and squar',
I sh'd judge 'twent two hundred and fifty odd feet
From the top to the water down thar.

"How'd come by that name? Oh, easy enough;
When the Whites first lit down here, ye see,
The eagles had nests up there at the top
Where they shelve in a sort of a V.

"The yarn? Oh, 'tain't nothin' of no great account,
An' mebby you'd larf when 'twas done;
Ye know that there's many a thing that one sees
That they don't like to tell everyone.

"An' ye see, this yarn, bein' 'twas old Uncle Jed,
Why, I wouldn't stan' any man's chop;
For he was a one that we sot by a heap;
Nuther would I begin for to stop.

"Well, then, here's the hull o' the facts as I knows,
Nary word on it's nonsense or chaff.
The river men roun' here could tell ye a heap;
I don't pretend quotin' the half.

"Ye see, on the island thar, opp'site the cliff,
White boards, an' a ladder that's new,
An' them figgers above, in black, hold an' clear?
Well, that's signal light 282.

"An' old Uncle Jed, what I spoke on before,
He lived over thar by the ways,
An' his business it was, as the evenin' set down,
To see that the lamp was ablaze.

"An' for nigh twenty years, as the seasons went by,
Never once did his signal burn dim;
An' in calm or in storm, nary pilot but knew
He could trust to the lightin' by him.

"An' he never was late, an' he never forgot,
An' his lamp was as true as a star;
An' the men by the river, I tell ye they sot
A good deal by Uncle Jed, thar.

"But one night there came up a most awfulest storm,
The wind howled like wolves in the sky;
An' that thar shinin' water Jis' leapt up in foam,
No skiff could ride waves, 'twere that high.

"Folks peered in the darkness an' looked for the light
An' said, 'This time he'll hev to give in.'
When, sudden, we saw, battlin' wind and the waves,
Uncle Jed, but he never could win.

"How we held to our breaths as we looked for the light,
An' we cried out right glad when it shone;
Then we said, 'He'll Jis' stay till the wind lulls a bit
Afore ever he starts to come home.'

"When the mornin' came on all the water lay still,
But Jed an' his boat were both gone;
An' from that day to this, nary splinter nor oar
Has ever been heard a word from.

"But he saved a big steamer that night from the rock,
Twere a hundred o' lives agin one;
An' tweren't for promotion, tweren't for reward,
Twere his duty, an' so it was done.

An' the rest of the story? Oh, 'tisn't no great,
Only that on each dark, stormy night
Is a queer phantom boat Uncle Jed's alius seen,
Rowing over to start up the light.

"Now, see here, sir, I've only one word for to say,
As to whether the story is true:
I know Uncle Jed couldn't sleep in his grave
Unless lights burned at 282."

MAUDE MEREDITH.

A Big Clam for Sherman.

Gen. William T. Sherman has been telling his friends in the East about the large clams to be found on the coast of Washington. Some of his acquaint-

ances feared that he was indulging in exaggeration. A clam weighing twelve pounds and measuring thirteen inches across the back has been packed in alcohol by the Washingtonians, and is now on its way to the general. He feels that this clam will silence the clamor of the doubters.

He Disgusted the Editor.

The galliest specimen of humanity we ever encountered came into our office Monday and wished to see some of our exchanges. He seated himself at our desk and read a little after which he began to write letters, using our letterheads, and did not stop until he had written about twenty, which he gathered up and took to the post-office where he probably begged stamps to mail them. We had our stamps hid or he would have used them. We have seen fresh specimens but for a total stranger, this thing took the bun.—*Rosalia, (Wash.) Rustler.*

The Way he Worked a Mine.

"How do we work a mine?" exclaimed the Red Mountaineer; "well, you unsophisticated, undeveloped outcropping from the land of the rising sun, I'll proceed to enlighten your clouded, college-bred understanding."

The college-bred young man from the land of the rising sun sat down on a three-hundred-dollar-to-a-ton chunk of ore and turned his undivided attention to listening to a discourse on mineralogy.

"We first prospect around until we find a tunnel in the jugular vein, and a big pile of ore on the dump; then, if the other fellow 'ain't lookin', we jump the claim. We proceed to sink our shaft on the float, gather all the gangue and sack it, being careful to preserve technical phrases in mineralogical science in so doing. Then we prospect the stockholders with an assessment, and if they don't come down, put in a blast. At this point we call the roll, grab a No. 4, warranted not to rip, tear, ravel, cut or run down at the heel, radical, tragical, irrasive smelter, and run up our stack. If the other fellow holds the best hand the stack will diminish, and we consequently then drift for a pay-streak. If we don't get through drifting by fall it's the first thing we go at in the spring. We now concentrate all our efforts, and if the silver panned out don't have the eagle stamped on it, we sample the outcroppings in every saloon within a radius of ten miles, and take a fresh chew of tobacco. Then we go to work in earnest, salt the dump *a la pompadour* and go East and sell all the stock we can. We then renew our grub stock, pack it into the cabin and wait for spring to open and the snow to go off. During this period we amuse ourselves playing seven-up for the drinks. We then import a mining and civil engineer, run a few levels, crosscut for another assessment, get it, cave in the tunnel and abandon the property. Then," and the Red Mountaineer paused a moment to catch his breath, but the moment was fatal to his learned discourse, for the college-bred-young-man from the land of the rising sun feebly reached for his pick, staggered slowly to his feet, looked wildly towards the summit of Red Mountain and disappeared behind the giant outcroppings of the Micawber lode.—*Montana Mining Review.*

Alaska's Inland Sea.

In describing the sail northward through the inland sea of Alaska, M. M. Ballou, the Boston author and publisher, writes: After reaching latitude fifty-four degrees and forty minutes we sailed exclusively in United States waters, at times passing islands as large as the State of Massachusetts, whose picturesque and irregular mountain surfaces are covered with a dense growth of trees, and whose unknown interiors are believed to be rich in coal, iron, silver, and other metals. The axe has never echoed in the deep shades of these natural plantations, which are solemn and silent, save for the tread of wild beasts, and the occasional notes of wandering sea birds. For centuries past the trees have reached to mammoth size and have fallen only by the weight of years, enriching the ground by their decayed substance, and giving

place to another similar growth, which in its turn has flourished and passed away. This process has been going on, perhaps, for twice 10,000 years. The past history of Alaska is a blank in the nineteenth century. Some of the islands lie within a quarter of a mile of each other, on either side of the ship's course, and yet the water is far too deep to admit of anchoring, the peaks rising abruptly from unknown depths. The principal island group off the coast is known as the Alexander Archipelago, in honor of the Czar of Russia, and is composed of over eleven hundred islands. The virgin soil of these islands, were it to be cleared and drained, would be rich beyond calculation, while the climate is such as to warrant the growth and ripening of any vegetation which will thrive on the Atlantic Coast north of Chesapeake Bay.

The Devil Light.

The old-timers around Chinatown, especially those whose ideas of San Francisco are founded on what they see around their own quarter, were much surprised last night when the new electric lights which have been established in their alley, sent forth their glare for the first time. The news that the "devil light" had at last reached Chinatown spread far and near, and soon large crowds of Chinese gathered around each mast and wire gesticulating wildly to one another. Others, who looked upon the coming of the lights as a punishment for some evil deed, commenced to burn punk and scatter religious papers for the purpose of driving the evil spirit away from their habitation. This was especially the case in Bartlett and Ross alleys, where the houses of ill-fame are located, the inhabitants of that quarter doing everything known to heathen superstition to exorcise the evil spirit.

The highbinders were very much dissatisfied with the light, as the darkened condition of the alleys was much more favorable for their business. The better class of Chinese are delighted over the new condition of affairs, but they are afraid to express their opinion. Last night Sergeant Wittman and posse went through the alley with the reporters, and it was seen that the new lights make a great difference in the aspect of things. Places where before a person could distinguish nothing with the eye, are now as light as day, and the vice and corruption in the alleys become more glaring when exposed by the electric light. The new lamps are placed in the following alleys: Washington, Bartlett, Sullivan, Dupont, Ross, Spofford and St. Louis.

Joaquin Miller at Tacoma.

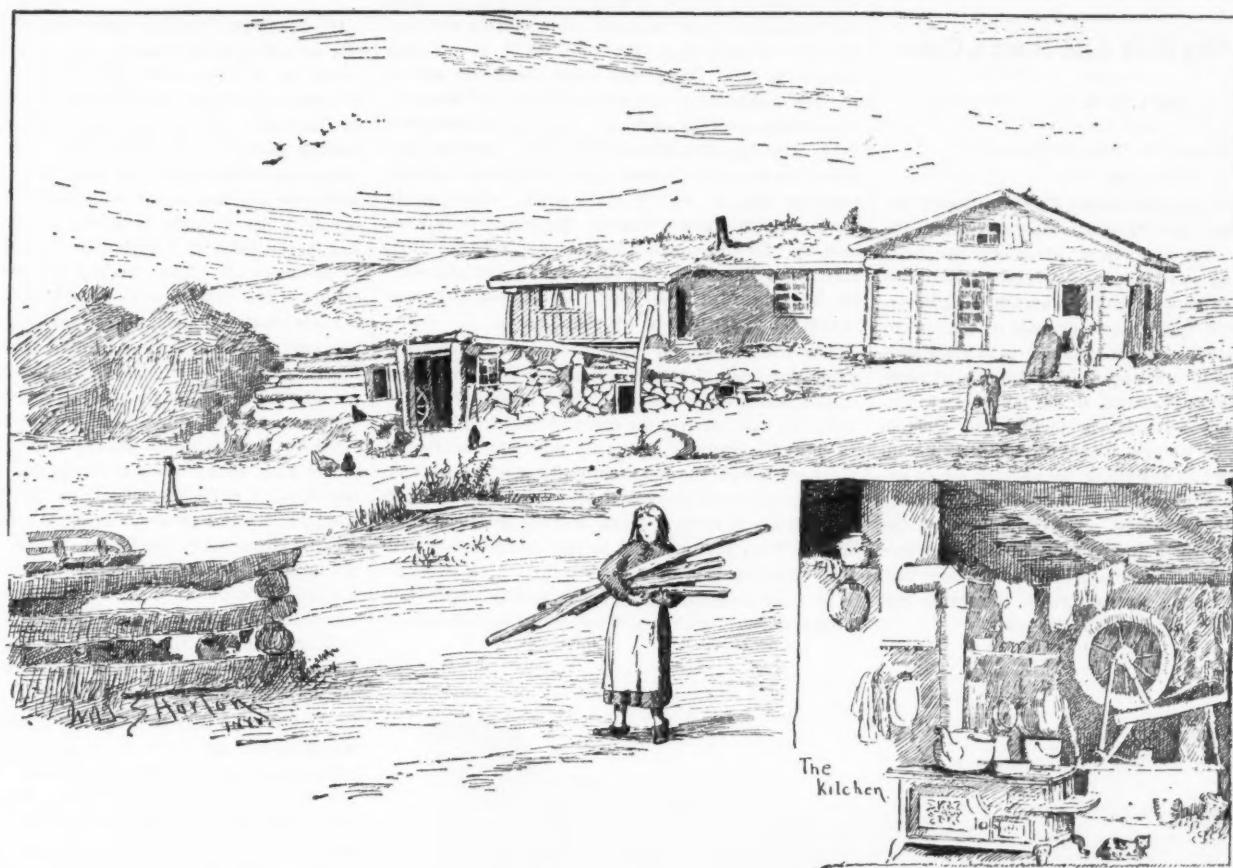
Sit, in fancy at least, with me here on the high hill, with the roar of hammers and the clatter of trowels at our backs. Let us turn our faces towards the east. Under the steep stone wall at our feet, hugging the precipice, which is hung with wild vines and countless wild flowers, steals the continuous car. These streams of cars pass so close under the precipice that you do not see them. You look straight down into the deep blue waters that tide in from the Japan seas. A common shot across, and a like precipice, with the ever crowning density of green. Then a little to the right the precipice melts down, and the green fir trees touch the silver sands. Then the sands sweep in a crescent about the heads of the Sound; then seamarsh; then the trees, dense, deep, tall and imperious, for ten, twenty, thirty, forty miles! Up! up! up!

You start to your feet—you stand with your head uncovered; for above all this density of wood and out of and above all this blackness there gleam and flash face to face the everlasting snows of Mount Tacoma.

Be silent, as I should be silent. It is an insolent thing that I should dare to dwell even for a single paragraph in the idle attempt to describe the indescribable.

Out of the blackness and above the smoke, above the touch of pollution, above the clouds, companioned forever with the stars, Tacoma stands imperious and alone.

You may see a pretty woman pass by as you sit here on the high built balcony of the new red city on



A NORWEGIAN HOMESTEAD IN NORTH DAKOTA.—[From a sketch by Will S. Horton.

the strong right arm of the sea of seas; but somehow she becomes a part of Tacoma, melts into the mountain of snow, and your face is again heavenward. You may hear a wise man speak of the actions of great men as you sit here; but somehow his utterances seem far, far away; your heart and your whole soul, they have gone up into the mountains to pray. And it is well. You will come into the world a truer and better man. You will descend, but never entirely descend. Your soul will in some sort remain high and white and glorious. You can never again come quite down to the touch of that which is unworthy, for you have been companioned with the Eternal.

The mountains of Mexico, and California as well, are mountains on top of mountains. Rather, I should say, that the snow peaks are set on the top of mountain ranges. Not so here in the Northwest of our Republic, Mount Hood, or rather Mount Pot-wa, the true Indian name of Mount Hood, starts up from the water's edge of the Oregon River, and springs almost perpendicular in the air to its full height. It looks as if it might blow over, so steep and slim and lone and unsupported does it stand. The same might almost be said of Mount Saint Helens, and most especially of Mount Tacoma.

As I may have said in this paper on a former occasion, the higher peaks of Mexico and California are merely the heads of well-raised families. But not so with these sublime snow peaks of the North. They stand entirely alone. The foundation stones of Mount Tacoma are laid almost in the sea. And so you may write it down that the mountain scenery of Oregon and Washington surpasses that of either Mexico or California as far as majesty and impressiveness are concerned.

Come, then, and see the new world, and look up and wonder what fearful convulsions fashioned it. Sit with us in the wilderness, and get the balm and the balsam of the numberless fir trees in you fiber. It is good for the body as well as the soul to be here in the new red town with its girdle of good green wood.

—Joaquin Miller in *N. Y. Independent*.

Boss of the Ranch.

Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt never tires of telling stories of his ranch life in Dakota and he would rather receive praise for his dexterity in throwing a lariat and riding a broncho than for his ability to search out for evasions of the civil service law. He enjoys talking about his life on the plains, and when his attention was called to the tragic death of "Cattle Kate" in Wyoming, he said: "I heard a great deal about her while I was in Dakota, and I saw her once in Montana. She seemed like a pleasant sort of

as well known in our section as 'Cattle Kate.' I shall not mention her name, for that might cause a vacancy in this great reformatory commission. I went out there one day to have her make a buckskin shirt. She was an artist in this particular. She had a husband, smaller than herself, who was subject to her commands and meekly obeyed them. There was a boy called the 'Kid' who worked on the place. This completed the household. I stayed to dinner, and as I observed what an elegant meal she was preparing I began to think that she had been a much abused woman and was really admiring her when she stumbled over my feet. 'Take them d—d feet out of the way,' and I did without a word. A month later I went to get my shirt and found a fellow known as "Crowfoot Joe" established as husband, while the small man and 'Kid' had disappeared. I did not ask the woman anything about the change in her domestic affairs, but quietly from Joe I learned that a short time before a party of freighters had been passing by the ranch, and while camping there the Kid stole from them a jug of whisky. He drank half of it, which shows the capacity of a Dakota man, and thought he would clean out the old man. The old man shot him through the body, severely wounding him. This victory, coupled with the fact that he emptied the balance of the jug, gave him such confidence in himself that he thought he could boss the ranch, and went in with the intention of doing so. He no more got inside before the woman struck him with a stove iron, knocking him senseless. She then threw him through the window, breaking his arm. All this occurred while the freighters were looking on enjoying the fray, but as the woman came out of the door muttering something about the unhealthy atmosphere they gathered up the wounded boy and the man with the broken arm and started for Dickinson. Afterwards I delivered a Fourth of July oration at Dickinson, and the ranch woman was one of my most attentive auditors. She applauded every remark I made about reform and the advancement of civilization, and was apparently as sincere as any one there.



YOUNG NORWEGIAN DAKOTANS.

a woman, but it was before she became notorious for those acts of recklessness of which the papers speak. I was, however, very careful in talking to her, for her reputation as a dead shot was then well established. I never called her 'Kate,' not I. I addressed her most respectfully as 'madam.' There was about forty miles from Dickinson, N. D., a woman who had the reputation of being quite a little queen and who was

PRESTON GULCH.

How Two City Girls Held Down a Claim.

BY L. E. M. S.

[Continued from September Number.]

III.

Thus far, one day in Preston Gulch had been like every other day, free from all intrusions from the world above. But one warm afternoon the girls were terrified by seeing a drove of cows come tearing down the gulch as if on the warpath. However, seeing the little frame house perched on the side of the hill, they stopped in astonishment and after staring at it for awhile and apparently gaining confidence from its immovability, that it was not going to run after them, they scattered in picturesque clusters over the sides of the gulch and in the little stream below, seeming to be settling themselves for an enjoyable picnic or, as Minnie suggested, they were posing for a cattle scene. The girls admired the picturesqueness which the presence of these bovines imparted to the gulch scenery, but at the same time they regretted seeing the waters in the spring and brooklet all muddied and spoilt for use.

much startled by the sudden appearance on the brow of the opposite hill, of a man on horseback. Man and horse for a brief moment were sharply outlined against the deep blue sky into which the hilltop seemed to dip. Then they came down the side of the hill and dashing into the herd scattered them for a moment, creating quite a stampede; but with the help of a dog that at this point came barking and bounding down the hill-side, they were soon brought together into a moving mass which slowly made its way down Preston Gulch. Evidently they were making for neighbor Pierson's. "Could this man be a Pierson?" He looked like a villain, with his black-bearded face and a slouch hat that concealed the upper half of his countenance.

The girls had been making numerous exploring expeditions into the neighboring gulches, where they walked along the narrow cow-paths in mid-air on the hill-sides and got over the steepest places by clinging to vines and bushes. But after this little incident of the herd, which showed them that one of the villains, their enemy, was abroad at all hours, they confined their strolls to Preston Gulch and the prairie west of them. They preferred not to risk an encounter with that villainous looking man.

In their perambulations on the prairie above they visited a little frame school-house distant half a mile

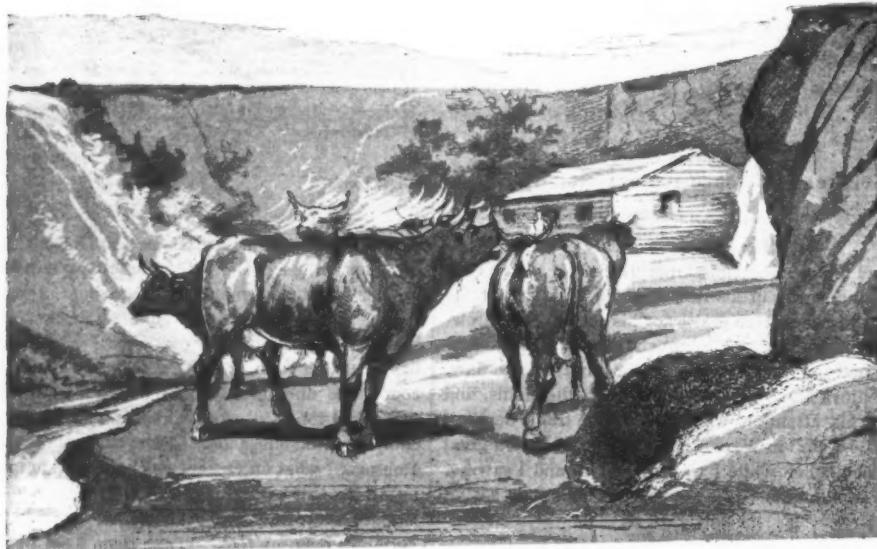
gospel hymns at the only house that boasted an organ.

IV.

On a certain Tuesday afternoon, Nellie and Minnie, according to agreement, went over to the school house to go home with Miss Barker. They found the teacher and her seven pupils out on the prairie on the shady side of the school house. The sun beating down on the little frame shell of a house made the inside very hot and uncomfortable, so whenever the sun was low enough in the western sky to allow a shade from the house, Miss Barker was in the habit of carrying on the school exercises in the open air. The children showed their appreciation of the cooler breezes by paying more attention to their lessons. Though occasionally a child's attention was distracted from a printed description of an illustrated rabbit in the book by a presentation of the genuine article peeping at them from behind a corn-stalk in a field near by. And others became interested in certain round holes in the ground near where they were standing or seated. These holes harbored either snakes or gophers, and which animal it might be was a problem which at critical moments seemed about to be elucidated, if the suggestion of the head of some animal reaching up to the mouth of the opening could furnish to the inquiring mind of the child a clue to the same.

That afternoon the wind was very high, and the walk of three miles to Miss Barker's home was a long and difficult one. Had the wind been blowing in the direction they were going, it would have very accommodately taken them along with it *nolens volens*, and they would have reached their destination in a short time without any exertion on their part. But to make headway against the wind required a great expenditure of strength and continual battling with it. The girls were unable to enjoy their walk or take note of their surroundings, on account of their sunbonnets flapping in their faces, and also the necessity that existed of stopping every minute to unwind themselves, the wind disposing of their skirts in the same way that a market woman disposes of a piece of cord when she wishes to render locomotion in a chicken rather doubtful of accomplishment and helplessness a certainty. Now and then they stopped for rest and refreshments, seating themselves in the midst of a patch of sand cherries. This luscious fruit grew on little plants a foot and less in height, all over the prairie, but in the most profusion where the soil was the sandiest and offered the least encouragement to the growth of grasses and flowers. This seemed a great day for the tumble weeds, which rushed past the girls pell-mell, chasing one another and defying all efforts of the girls to catch them. Evidently, these curious wanderers of the prairie were anxious to keep an important appointment at some distant point where they were all to assemble before night; at any rate there were crowds of them traveling in the same direction.

At last Miss Baker announced that they had reached her home. Looking around for signs of a house, Nellie and Minnie were surprised to find that they were about to walk onto the roof of it from where they were standing. It was a large sod house built against the side of a hill, and this hillside formed one of its walls. Grasses growing out of the sod walls and roof made the house appear like a continuation of the grassy knoll against which it was built. The three girls descended into the gulch and passing the milk house, which was a room hollowed out of the hillside, they came to the front of the house. On a pile of sod at the door sat a bashful-looking young man who had evidently just come in from hunting, for his gun leaned against the door beside him and a bag of game lay at his feet. His sister remarked that she was glad he had brought home some chickpeas for supper, then led the way into the house without giving an introduction. It was as well that she did not, for he looked frightened enough already. There was no one in the house, but it presented a very home-like air. A row of custard pies cooling in their pans on the clean, un-



"SHOO! SHOO!" SCREAMED NELLIE, WAVING AN ARM AT THEM."

"Shoo! shoo!" screamed Nellie, waving an arm at them, and "Shoo! shoo!" cried Minnie, shaking the broom at them, but they would not be "shooed" away. Several of the cows, moreover, had their curiosity sufficiently aroused by the slight noise and the wild gesticulating, to look up inquisitively, as though asking for an interpretation of this little by-play on the hillside, then went on calmly eating grass and continued posing picturesquely in the little stream below. A sudden thought struck both girls; "would it be wrong to take toll from those cows for trespassing, by extracting from some of those well-filled bags a bucket of much-needed nourishment?" For several days they had been out of groceries, and neither girl had felt well enough to walk over to Sawyer's and back again for milk and eggs. Their craving for something besides corn cakes and molasses was strong, and so was the temptation which was now presenting itself at their very door in the shape of divers-colored cows with well-filled bags; and these creatures seemed to be offering themselves as accomplices to the contemplated deed. While the girls were trying to screw up their courage and drive up a cow to the milking place, at the same time that they were excitedly endeavoring to "shoo" off the remainder of the herd whose curiosity was bringing them around the door of the house, they were very

from their gulch. This school comprised seven pupils, and was presided over by a little woman of eighteen. She was a brave little thing who walked six miles a day always carried in her hand a stout stick with which to kill snakes and in her pocket a loaded revolver to use when occasion presented itself. The occasion, or rather the young man for whom this revolver was reserved, had once occupied a warm place in her affections, but having proved himself unworthy her regard had been rejected. Hearing that he threatened vengeance, she purchased this revolver which she always carried with her in her lonely walks to and from school. Thus far in her journeys she had seldom encountered anything but snakes and tumble weeds, and was accordingly becoming quite an adept in killing the former and catching the latter. Almira May, or "Miss Barker," as the girls addressed her, called on them one evening after school and invited them to spend the night at her house some Tuesday when they had a "singing." There was a church, it appeared, some twelve miles from Preston Gulch, which was attended by settlers of every denomination from the country for miles around. The young folks of the church were desirous of having good singing, also of an excuse for seeing each other, so they met once a week and practiced singing

painted pine board table showed that the presiding genius of the place had not long been absent from the cosy scene. Three deep-set windows afforded plenty of light to the large room and sufficient space on their wide sills for large, thriving geranium plants that were partly in bloom. The bareness of the clean floor was relieved here and there by home-made rag rugs. Across one end of the room, cutting off about one quarter of its space, was a calico curtain behind which were two beds, and at the side of each bed a bureau, which consisted of a large dry goods box partitioned off into shelves and neatly covered and curtained with calico. A rag rug beside each bed completed the furnishings of the bedrooms. At the opposite end of the room were the kitchen and parlors. In the corner to the right of a window full of flowering scarlet geraniums was the kitchen with its cooking stove and mud-plastered walls, the latter decorated with bright tins and black pots and kettles. To the left of this window, in the other corner, was the parlor, which contained a modern-made organ with an imposing cathedral back, looking in its present surroundings like a fish out of water. On the floor in front of the organ was the newest and brightest of all the rag rugs. Over the organ on the mud-plastered wall hung a marriage certificate, that of Mr. and Mrs. Barker, looking about as old as the couple to which it referred. To our city girls, the most novel decorations were some green plants growing from the hill-side wall of the room and various articles that hung from the rafters overhead. Among the latter were some agricultural implements, a side of bacon, bunches of herbs and onions, bags of seed, ears of corn, and a lot of sheep's wool all carded and spun. By the side of a little stand made out of a box and fixed up with a cover and curtains of calico, was a capacious rocking chair with wide-embracing arms. A worn rug in front of this chair, together with some articles on the stand, to-wit: a large family bible, "Dr. Gunn's Family Physician," a spectacle case and a work basket, the latter containing among other things a half-knit pair of socks, gave strong indications of this being the special corner in which officiated the presiding genius of this place.

The three girls had just finished disposing of one of the before-mentioned pies when Mrs. Barker bustled on the scene. She was a stout, jolly looking woman whose cheery voice and comfortable presence was all that had been wanting to make this homely sod house seem an ideal home. She had been down the gulch "a little ways," she said, gathering wild grapes and hops of which she had a large apron full. As she sat in her large chair, which she completely filled, picking over the hops, in which occupation our two city girls helped, she interrogated them about their life back East as well as their life on the claim. Mrs. Barker, like all the other settlers they had met, thought it strange that city girls like themselves could be contented to settle in this wild region.

"Didn't you think it awful when you first came here?" she asked them.

"Yes," said Nellie, "we thought it awful—nice."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the old lady, looking at the girls curiously over her spectacles.

At the supper table the young man and his father, both very quiet and subdued in manner, took part in the eating but not much in the conversation. Whenever the old man did venture a remark, his wife or daughter extinguished him in a very business-like way, as though they were in the habit of determining the occasions when it was necessary for him to give his opinion on any subject.

Before the dishes were cleared away several young men arrived. They sat in a row, looking rather bashful in the presence of Nellie and Minnie, to whom they were not introduced until they had been in the house for some time. By eight o'clock all the company had assembled. There were ten men and five women, and of these women three were unmarried. The seating accommodations of the room were tried to their utmost capacity. Everything was utilized for seats, even a couple of bags of meal and of

flour, and the two beds, from before which the calico curtain had been withdrawn to throw both rooms into one. The women sat together by themselves and were the objective point of many shy glances from the masculine side of the room. When the singing began, as many as three persons were compelled to look on the same book, and this circumstance seemed not at all disagreeable to the young men and women, as it brought one feminine head into close juxtaposition to two masculines. Miss Barker was the organist and leader. She played with great facility but apparently scorning to pay any attention to so minor a matter as tune, the effect was not all that could be desired. Among the men were some good singers who sang bass and tenor correctly by note. These complained of the discord; but Miss Barker, who believed that everything should be done quickly, could not see that there was no necessity for being half a bar in advance of the singers, and on account of her leadership felt privileged to blame them for the discord every time that they failed to reach the end of the bar as soon as she did. Had it not been for this discrepancy in time between the accompaniment and the words, and had everything run smoothly, the singing would have been a success, for good voices were not wanting. But all things considered, the crowd had a nice time, the

short time ago by appearing so suddenly on the brow of the hill. As they gave their letters to the mail carrier they were conscious that the villain was glowering at them darkly from under the brim of his felt hat, which was drawn down over his eyes. That he would reveal to the other man the place of their abode, was their greatest fear. But they hoped that he had not recognized them. He had not glanced at them that other day, and accordingly might not know them. But then, girls were not so numerous that he would be unable to guess that they belonged to the little frame house in the gulch.

v.

One day when Nellie was up on the prairie getting vegetables for dinner, Minnie who was alone in the house, saw a man on horseback descending into the gulch. She was very much startled and watched him with bated breath. He came down to the little stream without once looking towards the house, and after his horse had stood there for a few minutes drinking, he went up to the side of the gulch the way he had come down, still looking neither to the right nor to the left of him. She recognized him as the "villain!" A few minutes afterwards Nellie, greatly excited, came tearing down the hill-side. She had just met the "villain," she said, face to face and he had looked at her very hard without saying anything



"DON'T BE CEREMONIOUS," SAID HE, "BUT JUST TUMBLE IN ON US WHENEVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT."

majority not allowing so small a matter as time to bother them in the least. After singing, came refreshments, which were rolled out from under the bed by Mr. Barker, senior, who got down on all fours for that purpose. These were about fifteen watermelons that had been stowed away here to be on hand for time of action. One young woman stayed all night. There were only two beds, but Almira May slept in one bed with her parents, the three visitors in the other and the young man of the house in his accustomed bed, a shake-down in the parlor. The two beds were head to head, so Minnie and Nellie lay awake most of the night listening, without any desire on their part, to a duet of snores from the old folks. The young man, too, from the other side of the curtain joined in every now and then, filling up the few gaps left by his parents.

The girls could not be prevailed upon to remain another night and went home after breakfast, accompanying Miss Barker as far as the school house. From the school house they went to Nellie's turnip field, where they sat down and waited for the mail carrier, who was due that morning. They were surprised when he drove up, to see that he was not alone; and this surprise was changed to fear when they perceived that the man sitting beside him was the dark-faced villain who had startled them but a

and she had looked at him just as intently and she too had made no remarks.

"Well, what happened?" asked Minnie expectantly.

"Oh, nothing," answered Nellie, then added with what seemed to her sister uncalled for enthusiasm. "But what do you think Minnie! he has the handsomest brown eyes! My! but they are nice!"

"Oh, he has, has he!" said Minnie dryly, then added: "Well, eyes or no eyes, I'm afraid of that man. I think it looks somewhat suspicious his hanging around our gulch and pretending too that he sees neither us nor the house."

"Well," said Nellie, her blue eyes sparkling with merriment, "he didn't pretend that I was invisible when we met on the prairie just now."

That afternoon, they were again startled by seeing another man on horseback, this time an old man with grey beard and hair, coming down the gulch, driving two calves before him. The girls instinctively felt that this was the head "villain," old man Pierson, against whom Mr. Sawyer had particularly warned them. They were standing in the door-way as he approached the house, and returned his pleasant salutation of "Good day friends!" thinking that his tones were very kindly and not at all villainous in character. He told them that he was their nearest neighbor and that they must be sociable and come to see his folks

often. "Don't be ceremonious" he said, "but just tumble in on us whenever you feel like it." He also told them that when they saw a storm coming and were afraid to trust themselves in their "shell of a house," they must come right along to his house to spend the night. Then he gave directions how to reach his house. While he was talking so hospitably the girls marvelled, wondering whether it was all a blind to entrap them and get their land. However, they thought it best to propitiate the "old villain" if such he was, and so responded to his friendliness in a polite though reserved way. While standing there the horse became interested in the broom which it began to sample in a very voracious manner, and the girls thinking the horse must be starved, were becoming very anxious about the fate of their only broom. But Mr. Pierson perceived matters in time to seize the handle and rescue the broom, just as it was disappearing from view into the animal's capacious jaw. Then perceiving that the two girls were looking uneasily at their little house, as though fearful that it too would soon follow the broom the old man remarked that he guessed he would better go before his horse did any more damage, and smiling at them pleasantly he turned his reluctant steed about and continued down the gulch, driving the calves before him. "So that is the head villain!" they exclaimed puzzledly as soon as he was out of hearing.

This week of incidents had not yet ended when they had a pleasant surprise in a visit from a very comical, though nice little woman, Mrs. Meredith who was the daughter of the enemy? She told them that she was a widow living with her brother the second "villain" who was holding down a claim two miles east of them. Her chief characteristic was a guileless expression of interest and surprise at everything she saw or heard and she was very talkative. The girls had found a baby jack rabbit which they had tamed and it was very much at home in the little house, hopping about on the floor and jumping on the bed where it curled up contentedly on a pillow for its frequent naps.

"Well! well!" the little woman kept exclaiming, "I never seen anything like it! Why do you know," turning to the girls with a very serious expression of countenance, "when that rabbit grows big it will have the largest ears you ever seen, and if you take it to the city with you it will be a curiosity, and do you know, you could get a lot of money for it?" A rattlesnake skin that Minnie had gotten from Mr. Sawyer and stuffed with straw was looking quite life-like as it hung from a nail on the wall. When Mrs. Meredith found that it was stuffed she exclaimed:

"How smart you girls are to do such things, and city girls too! Well I never!" Then very impressively, "Do you know, you could get a lot of money for that in the city!"

The comical looking little woman took everything so earnestly and seriously, as though in unconscious retaliation for the comical light in which she appeared to every one. Even the blue ribbon bow with which she had decorated herself for this visit, and which evidently did not often get an airing, seemed inclined to make light of her. Throughout the visit it was dropping off at unexpected moments as if not on sufficiently intimate terms with the little lady to remain long attached to her person. When she was taking her departure, she was accompanied by the girls to the top of the opposite hill and here, while she was pointing out her house and urging them to visit her, the blue bow made a last desperate attempt to escape from her custody. But just as it was about to accompany the first breeze that came along, she made a grab for it as she walked towards her house she was seen, much to the girls' relief, to pocket the troublesome thing.

The day following brought another visitor, Mrs. Pierson who was very friendly indeed, urged them to be neighborly and visit her real often. How this friendliness of the Piersons contrasted with the coldness of Mrs. Sawyer who had never yet set foot in their house.

[Continued.]



MY NEW CABIN HOME.

"A cabin on the prairie is better than a palace in Utopia."

At—*My Old Cabin Home.*

My home is on a prairie
Of the free and fertile West,
Where far afield the summer grains are growing;
And we win from Nature's soil
All the guerdon of our toil,
As we reap abundant harvest of the sowing.

Chorus—Here is my new cabin home,
Dearer to me than all other;
Here lives my wife, she's the joy of my life,
And my child in the arms of its mother.

Oh, better than a palace
Is the home we call our own,
With heart and will for every task and duty,
And with love to lighten care
We will find the world more fair
As we journey on in ways of truth and beauty.

Chorus—
Oh, my home is in the West,
'Tis the land I love the best,
With the future waiting fair and far before us;
In the days that are to come
We will celebrate the home
By singing o'er again the settler's chorus—

Chorus—
ISADORE BAKER.

What a Porterhouse Steak Is.

Very few people who sit down to a good breakfast of "porterhouse steak" could tell, were they asked, what part of a bullock this choice tidbit is cut from. The "porterhouse" is that portion of the beef either side of the spine beginning where the ribs end and extending along to where the hip-bone begins. The tender-loin should form a part of the "porterhouse." This is a narrow strip of succulent and tender flesh extending along and protecting the inner sides of the spinal column. Its high price is due to its choice quality, and the fact that in the largest bullocks there are not above ten to twelve pounds of tenderloins. The term "porterhouse" is of English derivation, and it has no equivalent in either the German or French language, while, on the other hand, tender-loin is known among the Germans as "lummel" and "fillet," by which latter name it is known among the French. The term "porterhouse" probably originated from the inns and eating-houses of England, also known as porter and ale-houses. A customary order was: "Give me a porter and steak," and in time the name "porterhouse" was probably given to the choice pieces of steak as distinguished from the more ordinary kinds.

The Wondrous Stream of Life.

When the day is done, when the work of a life is finished, when the gold of evening meets the dusk of night, beneath the silent stars the tired laborer should fall asleep. To outlive usefulness is a double death. 'Let me not live after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits.' When the old oak is visited in vain by spring, when light and rain no longer thrill, it is not well to stand leafless, desolate, and alone, it is better far to fall where nature softly covers all with woven moss and creeping vine! How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well; how little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools—this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes had never pressed!

"How little of this life we know—this straggling way of light 'twixt gloom and gloom, this strip of land by verdure clad between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled with love and pain, this

dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death! We stand upon this verge of crumbling time. We love, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust and the knot intrinsecate 'forever falls apart.' But this we know—a noble life enriches all the world."—*Ingersoll.*

The Vibrating Atoms.

All substances are made up of tiny particles which cannot be further reduced in size without change of properties and breaking up into their component atoms. These particles or groups of atoms are molecules, and all matter is trembling with their billions of vibrations per second. In solids the molecules are arranged in a certain fixed order, and their vibration is in a limited space; in liquids they move about in all directions, yet none can voluntarily separate themselves from the others; while in gases they are in a state of vibration so violent that they fly about with marvellous rapidity in all directions. Every cubic inch of air contains no less than twenty-one trillions of molecules, and every point on our skin is bombarded by thousands of millions of them every second. Each is so small that 300 would not extend across the width of the smallest line the most powerful microscope shows us. Magnify them one trillion diameters, and each atom is the size of our globe, each molecule is a planetary system, and each air-bubble from the fringe around the water in a goblet is a wonderful galaxy. Magnified 10,000 trillion diameters the air-bubble would have the dimensions of our entire stellar system, but would contain 50,000 billions of stars instead of the twenty millions our best telescopes can show us. If the atoms had inhabitants, with our sensations quickened and shortened 1,000 billion times to correspond to their diminutiveness, each atom would be a world, each molecule a solar system, and the revolutions of the atoms would give days and years. The atom-dweller would see no more of the air-bubble than we see of our stellar universe; for, though the air bubble's molecules average eighty million collisions every second, thousands and tens of thousands of generations of the living beings might exist before a perceptible alteration of their starry firmament could be recorded. Is not our world an atom, our solar system a molecule in a stellar-bubble of an unknown and mightier creation?—*The Atom.*

Where The Time Goes.

A man whose head is bulging with mathematical problems has figured out the disposition of every hour of the daily life of an average man, and tells just how many hours a man of fifty years has devoted to his toilet, meals or newspaper. "Let us assume," said he, "that the sleeping hours of an average man will number eight daily. That is one-third of his time, so that in fifty years your man will have slept all told sixteen years and eight months. The man who is shaved daily at fifty years probably had his face scraped not oftener than three times per week at twenty-five years, while during his eighteen years a razor never touched his face. Say that the centenarian has arranged two shaves a week for fifty years, and that will give 5,700 scrapes in the half century. At an average of fifteen minutes per shave the time devoted to this one small element of life will run up to fifty-nine days and nine hours. If a man should not shave in fifty years, and then attempt to make up his proportion all at once, he would have to shave night and day for nearly two months. The average man who is not limited to twenty minutes for dressing, breakfast, and catching his train, consumes about thirty minutes in getting inside his clothing in the morning. Half an hour per day for fifty years would amount to one year fifteen days and five hours, so that if a man should dress himself at the start in life for the whole fifty years he would pass two weeks beyond his first birthday anniversary, and this means working twenty-four hours per day. A bath should precede dressing, however, and twenty minutes a day for that purpose would put a man in the tub for eight months thirteen days and eleven

hours out of the fifty years. For other demands of morning toilet allow ten minutes per day, or four months five days and twenty hours in half a century. Why, just a single minute every day spent in hunting for a collar button means twelve days and fourteen hours in the course of fifty years. Half an hour for breakfast, forty minutes for lunch, and an hour for dinner amounts to five days, and nine hours of eating in fifty years in life. The man who spends an hour of each day jogging to and from business in a horse car may not realize it, but is nevertheless true that in thirty years one year three months one day, and six hours of his time will go in that way. When a man reckons his time as worth fifty cents an hour it seems rather rough to think that it takes \$182.50 worth every year to get to business and back home again every day, but such is the fact." —*Baltimore Sun.*

Woman Goes Shopping.

How does a woman go shopping?

If the writer had been asked this question two or three days ago, he would have said:

"She goes right into a store, purchases what she wants, and then goes home."

He has looked into the matter and changed his mind. No, a woman doesn't go shopping like a man. When a man starts out to buy something, he generally knows pretty nearly what he wants, and he buys it. But with a woman it is different. She doesn't know what she wants when she starts out. If she did she wouldn't start. She would wait until some other day, and start without any special object in view. She would buy something or other before she came back, even if it was only a glass of ice-cream soda.

But the ordinary every day woman who goes shopping starts off early in the morning and makes up her mind that she is going to have a large sized picnic. She hurries the breakfast and does the usual morning cleaning up in just about ten minutes. She hasn't got time to indulge in breakfast herself, but will probably bolt a hot cup of coffee.

With a small handbag containing her pocketbook and a few other things, she sallies forth. She doesn't go into any particular store right away. She looks about first and sees just what is going on, and what is being displayed. She sees a great many things she would like to buy, but her pocketbook isn't fat enough, so she postpones the purchase.

Perhaps its twelve o'clock when she arrives at the dress goods counter of the big establishment. She wants to match an impossible color. She hasn't got the sample with her, but she describes the color to the clerk. He will show her all the goods in the department and she will take a sample of each.

What for?

She may mean to make a future purchase, but its very unlikely. All those samples will find their way into her crazy quilt by and by. The poor clerk is tired and disgusted, but forgets his sorrows a moment

later when he begins a flirtation with a pretty girl at the opposite counter. He forgets that she's a woman and goes buying dress goods somewhere else. If he had his way he wouldn't allow a male customer to buy a thing from her. The clerk grows tender-hearted, the woman goes upstairs. Both are contented and happy.

She tries on cloaks upstairs. She tries on everything within a radius of 100 yards. Fur-lined cloaks,

unlaundered shirts for the same party, linen goods, crockery ware, table cloths, napkins, shoes, and about everything else in the store.

She arrives home about 6:30 o'clock. Her husband had been home about half an hour. He is tired and hungry. So is she. The fire is out, there is nothing to eat, and the husband gets mad. She doesn't. She says that he's a brute, and doesn't want her to have a good time at all. Then she shows him

the result of the day's tour among the big establishments. Here is the inventory of the stock: One bonnet, worth twenty-five cents; one-half yard of dress goods, cost fifty cents. ("What do you want it for?" he asks. She doesn't know, and doesn't care; she's got it.) One cupid, twenty-five cents. She has six already. One flaming red scarf for John, cost fifty cents. He almost faints when he sees it. One unlaundered shirt, cost thirty-seven cents, for John, again. John is ready to die, but he says its very nice. He will give it away on Christmas, together with the scarf, to a man he doesn't like. Then she displays forty-two different samples of dress goods.—*Boston Herald.*

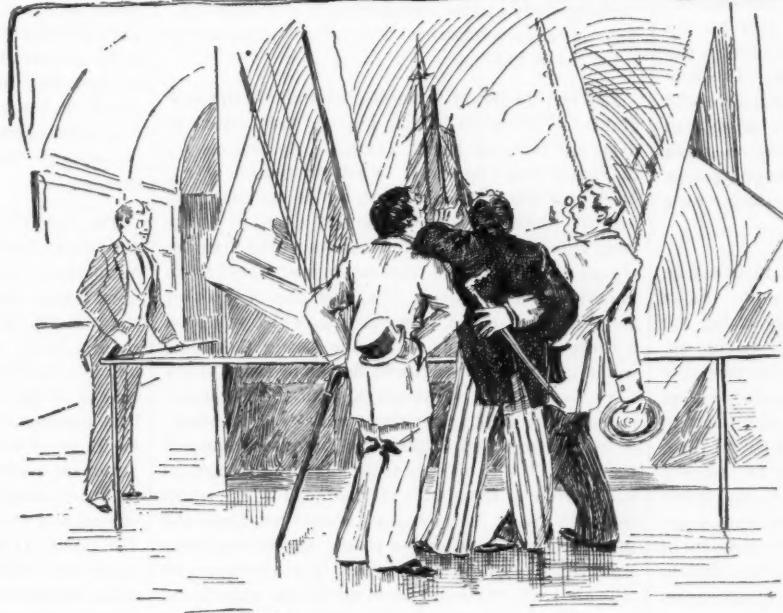
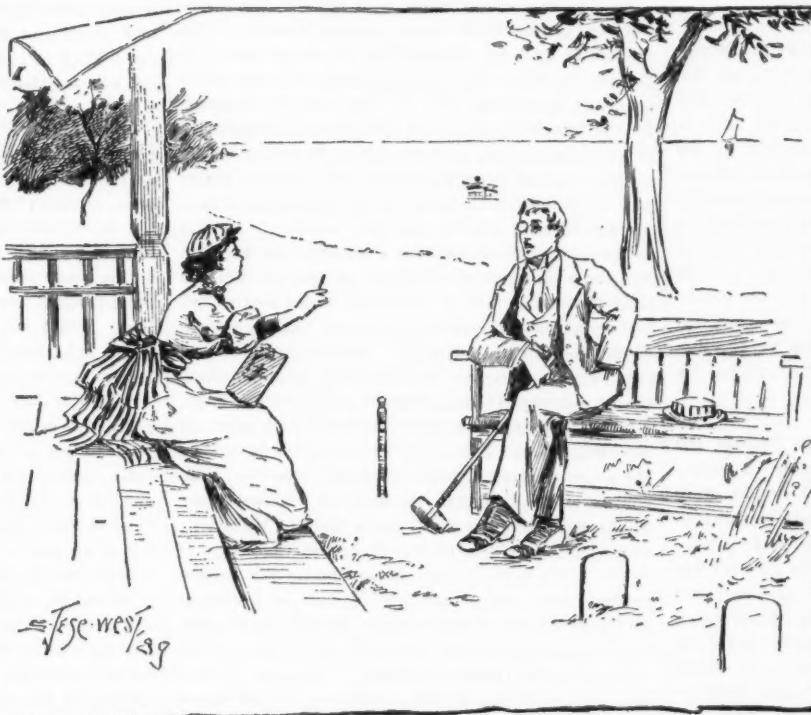
Open Your Windows at Night.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved that fully one-half of the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by the people sleeping with their windows shut. An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. One could better understand shutting the windows during the day than during the night for the sake of the sick. The absence of the smoke, the quiet, all tend to make the night the best time for aiding the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night.

Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—*Sanitary World.*

Ingersoll's Explanation.

Here is the way Ingersoll puts it: "Here is a shoe shop. One man in the shop is always busy through the day. In the evening he goes courting some nice girl. There are five other men in the shop that don't do any such thing. They spend half their working evenings in dissipation. The first young man by and by cuts out these others and gets a boot and shoe store of his own. Then he marries and is able take his wife out riding. The five former companions, who see him indulging in this luxury, retire to a saloon and pass resolutions that there is an eternal struggle between labor and capital."



SHE WONDERS STILL.

Adelaide—"Brother Jack said he saw you at the exhibition last evening, Ned. It's so sweet of you to take such an interest in art for my sake. Now, tell me, what did you think of the great Blank Marine picture?"

Ned—"Why—aw. There were sev-several ye know. Which one d'ye mean?"
And Adelaide wondered at the question. Jack had told her that Ned had said it was so real he could feel the motion of the ship.

ulsters, all sorts of garments, and all sorts of styles go on one by one. Some are too big, others too small; some too cheap, others too dear. She tries on all the cloaks in the department, and will send across the street to try on all they've got in another store if some one will go for her. She doesn't buy a cloak, or an ulster, or a garment. She only tried them on to see how they felt. Then she goes with her newly purchased bonnet frame into another department. She looks at hosiery, gloves, scarfs for her husband,



You can now take a Pullman sleeper at Chicago and go to Tacoma and Portland without change, the route being by way of the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific roads. This run of 2,548 miles is the longest continuous sleeping-car service in the world, being 236 miles longer than that from Chicago to San Diego via the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road. The emigrant enjoys a like convenience, a colonist sleeper running through on the same train as the Pullman. Only one change of cars is now necessary between the Atlantic cities and the Pacific Coast. I remember the time when there were two changes between Washington and New York, a distance of 250 miles, and one of them was effected by an omnibus ride across Philadelphia.

UNDER the constitution of North Dakota the capital will remain at Bismarck. Other important towns having aspirations for capital honors were placated by a liberal distribution of State institutions yet to be built. Much the most eligible place geographically for the capital of the new State is Jamestown, because it has both north and south and east and west lines of railroad and is situated near the center of population, but the question of location could not be decided as an original proposition, as in South Dakota. Bismarck had already spent about \$100,000 on a capitol building for the Territory, besides contributing a large area of ground, not only for the building itself but for future sale in town lots to pay for putting up the two projected wings. The constitutional convention wisely concluded that Bismarck had an equitable claim to keep what she had secured at so serious a cost and that there were no strong reasons for abandoning the capitol building now owned by the State and going into a scramble for a new location.

IN South Dakota the voters will have their say on the capital question at the polls this month. Sioux Falls, the largest city, puts in a strong claim, but labors under the disadvantage of being on the extreme eastern boundary of the State. Aberdeen, the second city, is not in the race, having modestly kept out because of her location in the northern tier of counties. Pierre, on the Missouri, and Huron, Redfield and Mitchell, each well situated for railway facilities and for geographical position, are active competitors with Sioux Falls. Pierre has been somewhat damaged by the recent newspaper exposure of the operations of an absurd real estate speculation, which has been selling shares of stock in options on real estate in that town, the purchasers of the stock paying ten dollars per share to create an electioneering fund and agreeing to pay ninety dollars more for taking up the options on the Pierre real estate, in case that town secures the capital. This scheme is regarded as a little too bare-faced, even in a region where the "boomer" has a very wide swing. For beauty and healthfulness of location Mitchell is not surpassed. The town is built on high ground, with good drainage into the James River, and the neighboring valley, with its groves, forms an agreeable contrast with the monotony of the prairies. Mitchell has now about 3,000 inhabitants.

IN Montana Helena keeps the capital, as she ought to do, being the railway, commercial and political center of the State. The constitutional convention amused itself in committee of the whole by tossing the prize about from one town to another for a few

days and then decided finally to leave it where it is. In building her stately court house Helena made ample provision for its occupancy by the different branches of the new State government until such a time as the State may see fit to erect a building of its own. In few of the older States are the officials any more comfortably and luxuriously accommodated than they will be in Montana by the liberality of Lewis and Clarke County, and for the legislature there are two fine halls of convenient size in the same building.

IN Washington the capital is to remain at Olympia until the people decide upon another location. The method of arriving at a decision is a novel one. At the first election, when the constitution is to be voted on, every elector may vote for the town of his choice for the future capital. If no town has a clear majority of all the votes cast, a second trial is to be had at the ensuing regular general election, and then the voters will be restricted in their choice to the three towns having the most votes at the first election. In case no one of the three receives a majority the question will come up again at the next general election and then the choice will be narrowed down to the two highest at the last previous election. If each town should vote for itself the three entries for the second race would of course be the three most populous places, namely, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane Falls, but neither one of the three has heretofore been an aspirant. North Yakima and Ellensburg have been the active claimants, with occasional pleas from Vancouver, on the Columbia, Pasco at the junction of the Snake and Columbia and the new town of Waterville in the extreme elbow of the Big Bend Country. If Walla Walla is in the race and should be able to concentrate upon herself the farming vote of the populous region south of Snake River she may win a place in the second running, although she is but a few miles from the Oregon boundary. Spokane Falls is too much absorbed in the rebuilding of her burnt business district to take much interest in the question. Tacoma is supposed to back Ellensburg while Seattle is for North Yakima.

IF I had the power to select a capital for the new State of Washington I think I should not hesitate to name the town of North Yakima. My reasons for the choice would be many. First the location of the place near the geographical center of the State and near the center of population and its situation on the great trunk line railroad which traverses the State for almost its entire length from east to west would be an important consideration. Then the new Vancouver and Yakima Railroad, now building, which will open a direct route to all points on the Lower Columbia, would have weight. Afterwards, the pleasant, shady town itself would be attractive, with its abundance of water rippling in clear streams beside the roadway of every street and helping the warm sunshine and the prolific soil to make beautiful lawns and gardens and to grow in abundance all the good things which the earth yields. And finally I should not forget the intelligent and enterprising people who in four years time have transformed the desert into a garden, and who are ready to co-operate in all liberal ways to enlarge their handsome town of 3,000 inhabitants into one of the most delightful capital cities in the West.

NORTHWESTERN sentiment is unanimous for holding the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago. The other cities competing for the prize are Washington, New York and St. Louis. Washington is a terror for heat during the three summer months and the month of September. All the residents who can get away escape to the sea-shore or the mountains. The fair would be a financial failure if held there. St. Louis is if possible hotter than Washington. It is probably the most disagreeable city for a summer sojourn on the entire continent. In neither Washington nor St. Louis are the hotel facilities at all adequate to taking care of the crowds that must visit a great exposition to make it a success. New York has hotels enough and being on the sea shore is not excessively torrid during the warm months, but it has no public spirit

and of all American cities it is the least American in its population, its industries, its business methods and its social life. It contains more Irish than Dublin, more Germans than Frankfort, and more Italians than Palermo. It is a vast hodge podge of foreign materials. Chicago is the coolest large city in the country, has ample hotel accommodations and typifies American progress far better than any Atlantic seaboard locality. Intelligent foreigners who will come to the great fair will want to see the forces that are at work in the heart of the continent, in what was but a few years ago the remote West, building up the new American civilization and the new American race. They will not care much for the semi-Europeanism of the Atlantic Coast.

MAJ. J. W. POWELL, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, who accompanied the Senate Committee on Irrigation on their recent tour through the Northwest, probably knows more about the western half of the Continent than any other man living. He has been an explorer and pathfinder in the mountains and on the great plains and through the deep canyons of great rivers almost ever since the close of the Civil War. When the war broke out he was a college professor in Illinois. He went into the artillery service, lost an arm at Shiloh, rose to the position of Chief of Artillery in one of the great armies, and then, when peace was restored, unbuckled his sword and went back to his professor's desk. Thence he was soon summoned by the Government to undertake important surveys in the new Territories. He is now the head of the extensive organization which is prosecuting a geological survey of the entire country. Incidental to this work, and authorized by a special act of Congress, is the survey of the streams and drainage basins in the arid regions, and the reservation of reservoir sites, with a view to the construction of future irrigation works. Major Powell is a man of about fifty-five, of a somewhat gnarled and rugged appearance, showing the traces of the many hardships and rude adventures he has gone through; but of a genial temper and an active and buoyant spirit. He is an exceeding interesting talker, whether in conversation or on his feet before public assemblies, and brims over with scientific information which he has the art of making entertaining to the most unscientific listener.

THE REV. CLAY McCauley, formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in St. Paul, and lately editor of the Minneapolis *Commercial Bulletin*, has gone to Japan upon a very interesting mission. In connection with the Rev. Mr. Knapp, who has been a year in that country, he is to represent American Unitarianism and to labor to secure a footing among the intelligent classes of the Japanese for that form of religion. This movement has the support of three members of the Imperial Cabinet and of one of the most important of the universities. The columns of the leading daily newspaper are to be open for articles on the subject and a weekly paper will be started to advocate the faith. It appears that the educated classes in Japan are philosophic rationalists, or agnostics, who have outgrown the old Shinto and Buddhist religions and who are eagerly looking to America for a faith that will be superior to superstition and supernaturalism and will at the same time inculcate ethics and promote worship. Unitarianism, or, as Dr. McCauley calls it, rationalized Christianity, they think may meet their wants and they are disposed to aid in its spread throughout the empire.

RELIGIONS move around the globe from east to west, following the course of the sun. Europe and Africa got their faiths from Asia and America accepted the beliefs of Europe. Now it seems that the Japanese are reaching out across what to them is the eastern sea for a new religion to supplant their outworn theologies. Perhaps Unitarianism will suit them. In this country it is not a very vital religion. It stands midway between orthodoxy and modern rationalism and agnosticism—a wide field, it would seem, yet it has shown little power of expansion. It

has its roots in New England and spreads only where New England people of the most intellectual sort have settled, in this or the preceding generation. It is a refined and optimistic Deism, which does not touch the masses, because it has no dogma of an eternal hell with which to terrify them and no paternal Providence to reward them in return for worship. According to Unitarian belief sin brings its own punishment, mankind progress to higher levels by the force of divine laws and there is no power in prayer to bring a loaf to the door of the righteous man who is hungry.

THE Minnesota State Fair was a great success this year. Wisely held at an earlier date than usual, and before the Autumn rains generally occur, it had fair weather for eight days out of nine. The exhibits were good, the special features attractive, the crowds large and the financial outcome excellent. President Bushnell, who personally directed the fair with diligent labor and never-failing enthusiasm, is warmly praised by the press and has been commended in special resolutions adopted by the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce.

WM. THAW, the Pittsburg millionaire, who died recently, was the largest individual land owner in Dakota. He held about 60,000 acres along the Northern Pacific line, chiefly in Barnes, Stutsman and Burleigh counties, purchased with preferred stock many years ago. His Dakota estate has been managed by Capt. McClelland, formerly a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. Mr. Thaw was a man of amiable character and benevolent disposition. He left a half a million to charities and directed his executors to cancel about an equal amount of the notes and mortgages of poor men to whom he had loaned money from kindly motives. It is reported that he was worth fifteen millions.

THE big Sioux Reservation, west of the Missouri River, in South Dakota, will not be thrown open to settlement until next Spring. Congress must first ratify the work of the Commission and the Government must afterwards survey the land. There is not likely to be any stampede of new settlers. The country is not a bit better than that north of it, west of Mandan, which has had the advantages of free entry and railway facilities for many years and is still very sparsely populated. After the Oklahoma experience land-seekers will not again rush by thousands into a new region, without informing themselves as to its resources, solely for the reason that settlement has hitherto been excluded by Indian treaties. The Sioux country has much excellent grazing ground, but it is not a safe farming country without irrigation and irrigation is only feasible on a few narrow strips of bottoms along the streams.

MANY people in Minneapolis were in doubt last Spring as to the expediency of holding an exposition this year. They feared that the general dullness of times in the city and State would make the event a financial failure and were disposed to advise that the present year should be passed over. More enterprising counsels prevailed however, and the result has been very gratifying. Manager Byron can now foot up his attendance and receipts and make the best showing of any year in the history of the institution. Some taking new features were introduced, such as the Japanese artisans, the trained seals and Capt. Boynton swimming in the big tank in his rubber suit. The art display was good, though not equaling in general interest that of last year. The exposition was much more popular with the masses of Minneapolis people as an evening resort than ever before. To hear a concert of excellent music, to see over five hundred good paintings, some of them masterpieces, and to wander among the varied attractions of the general display, was to secure a large amount of rational enjoyment for the small sum of twenty-five cents.



The Teachings of Epictetus are published in a volume of 210 pages, cloth, by John B. Alden, New York and sent by mail for forty cents. Epictetus has been called the noblest of the Stoics. His writings are characterized by simplicity, earnestness and nobility. They inculcate a pure ethical standard of living.

In Three Cities and a State or Two, by George S. Fraser, is a pleasant story of foreign travel, foreign fortune and title hunting and honest American love, which in the end wins the day. The volume also includes four short stories by the same author. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. St. Paul Book and Stationery Company; price seventy-five cents.

Justin McCarthy's *Short History of Ireland* is a timely and interesting book. It is written with the warm sympathy for the Irish people which we might expect from an author who has of late become one of the foremost political leaders in the cause of home rule. Published by John B. Alden, New York and sent by mail for forty-five cents. The work makes a volume of 163 pages and is handsomely bound in green and gold.

Beecher's Lectures to Young Men were delivered and first printed many years ago, when the great preacher was in his prime. Now that they have been republished it is interesting to note how fresh and vigorous they are and how they deal with moral questions and life problems that never grow old. They are remarkable for their eloquence, originality of thought and moral force. John B. Alden, New York; 150 pages, cloth; sent by mail for eighty cents.

A Cloverdale Skeleton, by C. Lauron Hooper, is a clever story of life in a dull little Eastern village, where the students in a medical college furnish a good share of the humor and romance which brighten the place. There are some quaint characters in the tale, such as are pretty sure to be found in such quiet, old grass-grown towns, where idiosyncrasies are not worn off by contact with busy multitudes, but have opportunity to develop undisturbed. New York, John B. Alden; price seventy-five cents.

The latest document issued by Frank H. Hagerty, the Dakota Commissioner of Immigration, is called "A Dictionary of Dakota." It is a neat little pamphlet containing a multitude of facts about the resources and capabilities of the great Territory now in process of division into two States. The alphabetical arrangement of the paragraphs is novel and convenient. The writer is Moses Folsom, of St. Paul, an experienced journalist, who has gained his knowledge of the subjects he treats by spending a great deal of time in Dakota, among the farmers as well as in the towns, and making the acquaintance of all classes of settlers. Commissioner Hagerty will mail the pamphlet free of charge to all who address him at his office in Aberdeen, S. D.

It can hardly be said that there is room for a new biography of Benjamin Franklin, after the recent appearance of Parton's excellent work and of the volume in the "American Men of Letters" series, in which Franklin's literary efforts are made the special theme; but so conspicuous a figure in the public life of the nation could not be omitted from the "American Statesmen" series; so John T. Morse, Jr., who edits that series and who had already contributed to it excellent lives of John Adams, John Quincy Adams and Thomas Jefferson, has just filled the gap with a book of 400 pages. His *Benjamin Franklin* is a clear, straight-forward narrative, dealing almost wholly with the public side of Franklin's career. The famous autobiography, which stands among the master-pieces of English prose, has left little room for any writer to sketch Franklin's early years or to dwell upon the traits of his robust and original char-

acter. Mr. Morse has wisely limited his account of Franklin as a lad and a young printer and editor to the two opening chapters, all the rest of the book being devoted to his long and remarkable career as a statesman and diplomatist. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.25.

Monopolies and the People, by Charles Whiting Baker, associate editor of the *Engineering News*, is a thoughtful and fair-minded book, which discusses one of the most vital questions of the day in the light of recent experience and of the new ideas which the agitation of the past few years has brought to the surface of public opinion. The writer regards the trust and other forms of consolidated corporate action which aim at monopoly as the natural outgrowth of excessive competition. The remedy, he thinks, is not to be found in more competition, but in intelligent government control, which shall respect the rights of capital while protecting the interests of the people. He would have the National Government own the road beds, tracks and permanent improvement of the railways and lease them to companies by geographical districts. Cities should own their street railways, gas and water works, electric light plants, etc. Manufacturing and trade combinations must remain in private hands, but he would legalize them under the restrictions of publicity, of a prohibition of discrimination between purchasers and of other legal regulations to prevent them from making an undue profit by laying an exorbitant tax upon the public. The author belongs to the new school of political economists, who recognize the fact that the tendency of modern competition is to destroy itself by its own intensity and that all the strenuous efforts to keep it alive by the force of legal enactment and public sentiment have thus far proved unavailing. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.25.

If the reading public in this country is not well-informed about our sister republic of Mexico it will not be the fault of the letter-writers and the book publishers. The theme is fascinating to the tourist with an aptitude for literary work, because of the sharp and picturesque contrasts between Mexican life and the common-place business life of our own land. The latest book of travel on the other side of the Rio Grande is entitled *Mexico, Picturesque, Political and Progressive* and is the joint work of two ladies, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan. It is readable and instructive. Mrs. Blake writes the chapters on Mexican life and scenery, and her pictures are vivid and entertaining. In some things, she thinks, we Americans might take lessons from our neighbors. One is the universal courtesy of all classes in Mexico. "We have found the people courteous beyond expression," she says. "The poorest laborer as gracefully lifts his hat as the high-bred gentleman, and the kindness of unassuming hospitality opens every house, rich and poor, to the visitor. Then there is the good, honest building, without sham or pretence, which looks as if it were made for eternity. There is the power of restfulness and leisure, which though unhappily a crying evil here, would be one of the cardinal virtues if we could only ingraft it on our stubborn, rushing, uneasy nervousness. There is their way of holding the dear, dark little babies, with a long fold of the nurse's rebozo, or scarf, wound around the little creature from mouth to hips, supporting the back and neck well, and throwing the child's weight on the bearer's shoulder instead of her arms and hips. And there are the exquisitely clean streets, which would make us blush hot with shame, remembering the filth of Chicago and New York, if our sallow Eastern skins could ever show so beneficent a change of color."

In the chapters on "Political and Progressive Mexico," Mrs. Sullivan describes a substantial progress in education, manufactures, national finances and public works. Boston, published by Lee & Shepard. St. Paul Book and Stationery Company; price \$1.50.

GEORGE W. HUNT.

George W. Hunt, of Walla Walla, Washington, is one of the most energetic and successful railroad men of the day. It is commonly said in the Pacific Northwest that he has constructed more lines of road with his own individual means and by his own individual exertions than any other man living. He selects the routes for his roads, appoints his engineers, employs his graders, owns his teams, wagons and tools, runs the boarding camps for his men, saws his ties and bridge timbers in his own mills, buys his rails, engines and cars, and after paying the large sums required from his own bank account, he issues bonds and offers them to Eastern investors. In this way he has already completed 163 miles of first-class road and has 160 more miles projected. He does the work of about a dozen men, is on the move all the time, knows personally pretty much every man of any importance in all the towns and farming districts reached by his lines, and is heartily liked by them all as the best friend of the region, who has given them competitive railway service and its natural results in lower rates and better conveniences.

There is nothing of the style of the typical Eastern railway magnate about Mr. Hunt. He is a thorough-going Western man, who has spent all his life since his earliest manhood in the mountains and valleys of Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington, always engaged in enterprises that required a vigorous constitution and a strong and level head for their success. He is accessible to everybody and has a friendly word for every man, whether he be brakeman or banker, capitalist or common laborer on the grade. He is quick at decision, untiring in his activities, keenly watchful of his own interests and at the same time just and fair in his treatment of others. "When Hunt says he will do a thing it will be done," is a remark often made of him, and one which gives a correct idea of his character. He was born amid the orchards and vineyards on the shores of Chautauqua Lake, near Mayville, New York, May 4th, 1842, and grew up on a farm. What education he got was obtained at the district school and in a single year at Ellington Academy. The family was large and was in very moderate circumstances, as were most farmers' families at that day, and the lad began to work for wages when he was only thirteen years old. At sixteen he left the old home and started out to make his fortune. The Pike's Peak gold excitement

appealed to his imagination, and making his way to Leavenworth, in the spring of 1859, he purchased an ox team and wagon in partnership with five comrades and started across the plains, reaching Denver on May 17th. He had a rough experience in prospecting, mining and teaming, but he was independent, never owing a dollar that he had not the means to pay, and never after he was seventeen working for anyone but himself. He soon came to be looked upon as a leader by the other young men associated with him. They were content to have him make the plans and look after the finances. At one time he was "dead broke," but he had made a reputation for pluck and square dealing and was able to hire a wagon and two yoke of oxen with which to haul freight to Central City and Mountain City, and by the ensuing spring he and his partner found themselves the owners of fourteen yoke of oxen, three wagons and \$1,000 in money. From that time to this Mr. Hunt's chief enterprises have been connected with transportation, first by the only method practicable in the early days of mining, the big can-

vass-covered wagon, with the trail-wagon attached, hauled by mules or oxen over the rough roads of the mountains and the plains; later, when the railways came, by the steel rail and the iron horse. In many a mining camp, in early days, when supplies ran short and beans had come to be a necessity and dried apples a luxury, the arrival of Hunt's wagons caused general rejoicing. He freighted to the new Salmon River district in Idaho, in 1862, making ferry boats of his wagon boxes to cross the waters of the rivers and swimming his stock. Some men of his party made the first discovery of gold at Bannock, in Montana, that year. He sent his wagon train from Deer Lodge to Walla Walla over the Mullan road, and crossed the mountains himself by the Lo Lo trail to the new mines. The same season he rode to Walla Walla and loading his wagons with fresh provisions and vegetables went to Auburn, Idaho. Made another trip from The Dalles, hauling freight to Auburn, then returned to Colorado by way of Portland and San Francisco, and

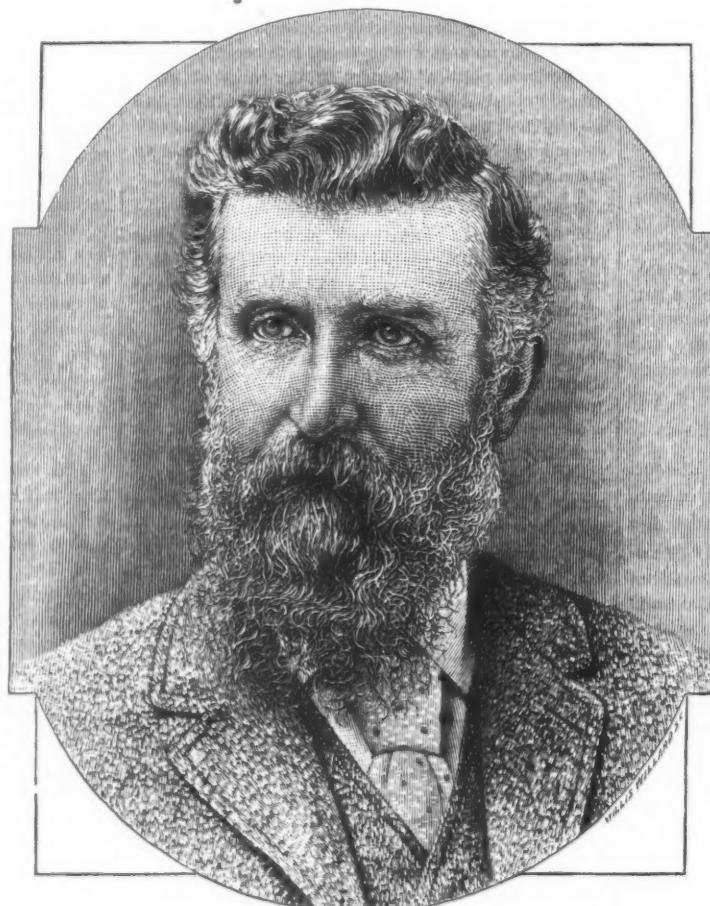
From freighting to railroad building was a very natural change for Mr. Hunt. He owned a large number of work animals and understood the management of men as well as stock. He took a contract in 1883 for grading ten miles on the Oregon Short Line, from Payette to near the Weiser River, and shortly afterwards a contract on the Blue Mountain line of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company. In 1884 he graded several miles for the Oregon Pacific and thirteen miles of the Pomeroy Branch of the O. R. & N. In 1885 he built part of the O. R. & N.'s line from Colfax to Farmington and took an important contract for mountain grade and tunnels on the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific. He built thirty-eight miles of this road, including a short tunnel and most of the heavy work on both sides of the great Stampede Tunnel. The year after the completion of this contract he built ten miles for the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad. In 1887 he took a contract from the newly organized Oregon &

Washington Territory Company to build from Wallula to Pendleton and Centerville, which opened the way, through the financial weakness of the corporation, for him to take over the grade he had built as his own property, complete the road and branch out into an important system of independent lines penetrating all parts of the rich grain country south of Snake River, lying partly in Washington and partly in Oregon. An account of the inception and prosecution of this enterprise is given in the following article. In 1888 he graded forty-three miles of the Eastern Washington Branch of the Northern Pacific from Cheney to Davenport.

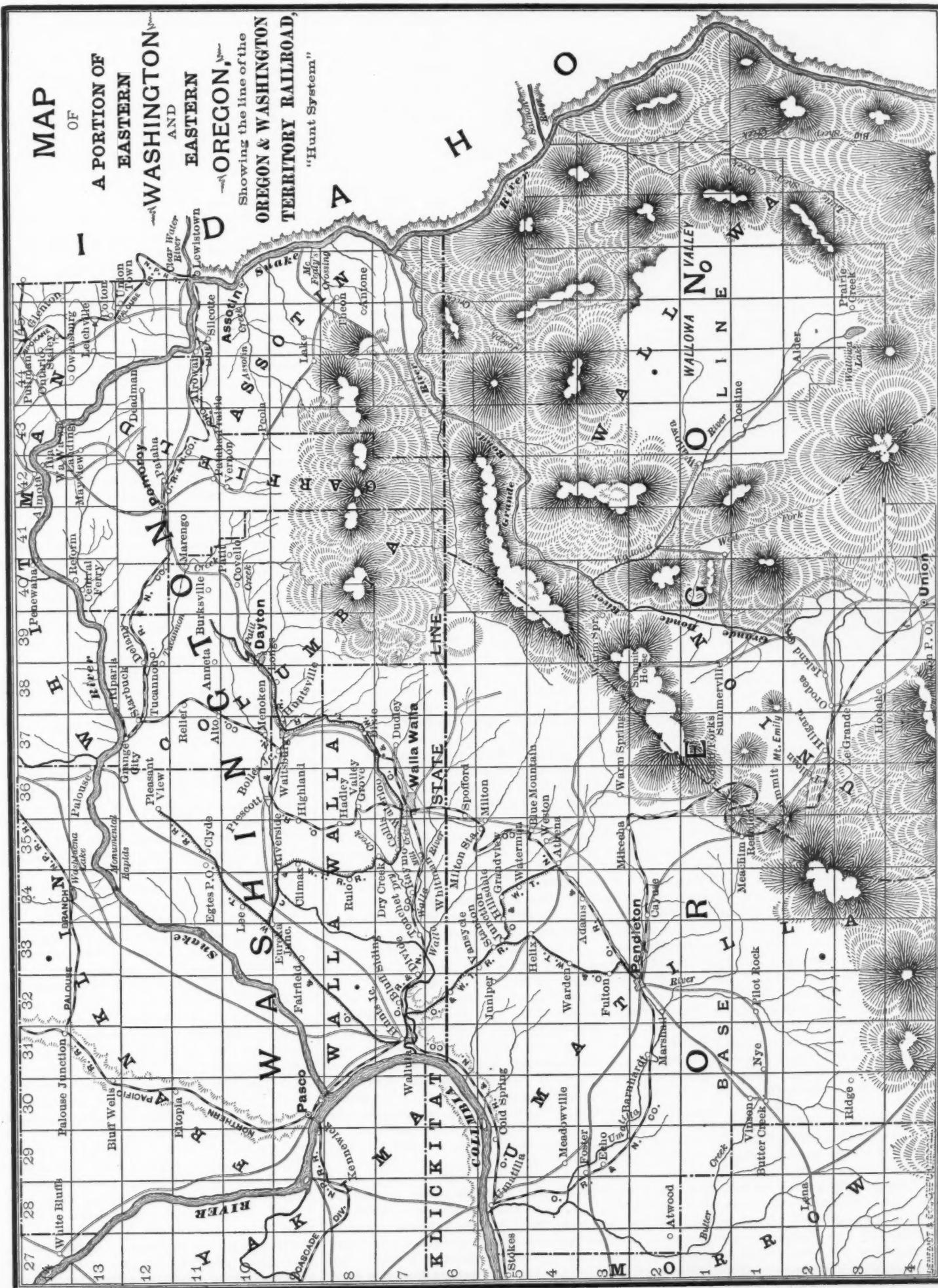
Mr. Hunt now lives in Walla Walla, in a handsome house, standing in the midst of a fine lawn and flanked by fruit orchards. He has five children, the three eldest being young men who are just about completing their school courses in the East, one at the Dennison University, Granville, Ohio, and two at a commercial college in Chicago. A daughter and a younger son are at home. The remarkable success of Mr. Hunt's business career has been the natural outgrowth of his dominant traits of character—great energy, a faculty for handling large projects, careful oversight and economy in details and a genial nature and love of fairness, which attach other men to him and make them glad to accept his leadership.

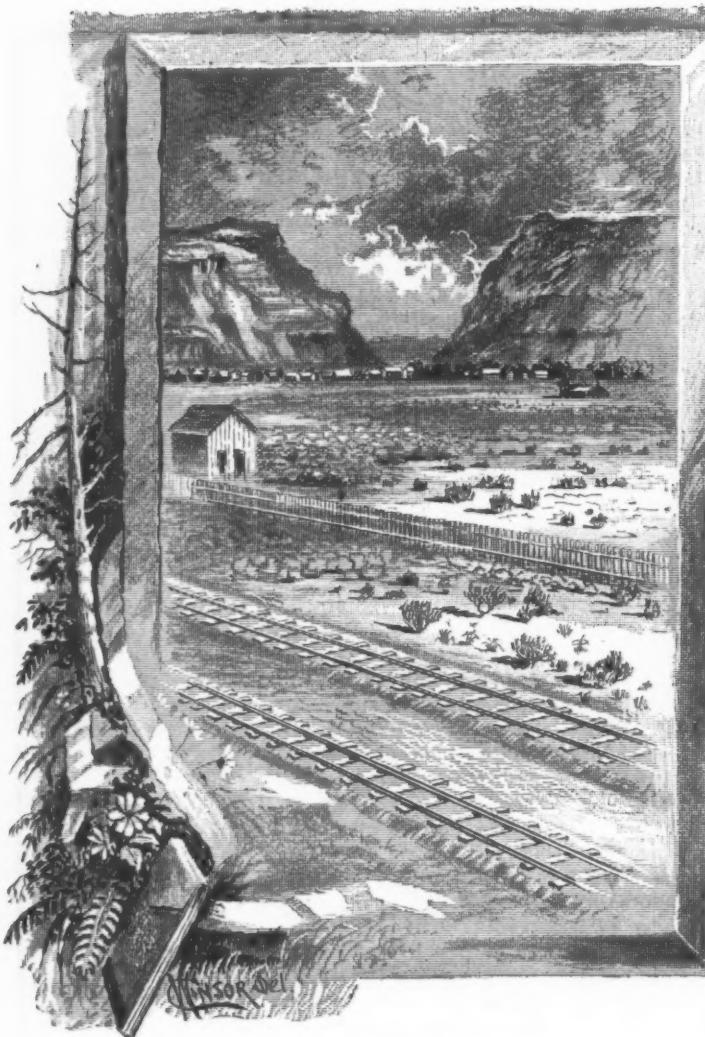
THE HUNT LINES.

The country south of Snake River, in the new State of Washington is comparatively an old settled region. Its first occupancy by farmers was back in the fifties, and by the end of the following decade a number of promising towns had been started, the oldest and largest of which was Walla Walla. The next decade brought the beginning of railway enterprise in a line known as Dr. Baker's road, which ran from Walla Walla down to the Columbia River. Grain shipped over the road was transferred to boats at Wallula, portaged around the Dalles on a narrow-gauge railroad, loaded on boats again below the rapids, once more transferred to rail for a portage around the Cascades, and finally embarked again on the river for a voyage to Portland and a market. All these handlings and transhipments left but little money for the farmer who raised the grain in the Walla Walla Valley; still Dr. Baker's road was a blessing to the country. In a few years it was absorbed by the advancing lines of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, which was then under the control of Henry Villard and which displayed great



GEORGE W. HUNT, OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.





WALLULA, FROM HUNT'S JUNCTION.

energy in occupying the wheat region with numerous lines.

The O. R. & N. greatly stimulated the development of the region in question and for a time its roads met fairly well all transportation needs, but as population increased and farming was extended to new lands the surplus wheat crop became too large for the corporation to handle with satisfactory promptness. The sacked grain, stacked high on the unprotected platforms of the country stations, would often remain for weeks and even months before cars could be obtained to move it. The freight rate was high—six dollars a ton for a haul of about 250 miles—and there was general dissatisfaction with the service. Besides, when the Northern Pacific was built over the Cascade Mountains, in 1887, opening a line from interior Washington to a tide water port within the Territory, there grew up a sentiment that Washington farmers should be allowed to send their grain to the Washington seaport of Tacoma, on Puget Sound, if they preferred, instead of to the Oregon metropolis, Portland, on the Columbia River. The O. R. & N. ran to Portland and, of course, would not consent to divert any of its freight to the Northern Pacific's line to Puget Sound.

In 1887 a number of business men in Pendleton, Oregon, organized a corporation called the Oregon & Washington Territory Railroad Company, for the purpose of building an independent road from Wallula to Pendleton, with a branch to Centerville, now Athena. They contracted for the construction with G. W. Hunt, an experienced railroad builder, then living at Corvallis, Oregon, and in the spring of 1887 he began grading. By the time he had finished nearly thirty miles of grade he discovered that the company had no money and was not likely to raise any. It looked as if he must either buy the concern

idea Mr. Hunt filed amended articles to the charter of the O. & W. T. Co. As a point of departure from the Northern Pacific road he selected a convenient place for yards and other terminal facilities one mile east of Wallula and twelve miles west of the great Snake River bridge. The N. P. gave to the new station the name of Hunt's Junction. This first line of the O. & W. T. runs to Pendleton, forty-two miles, with a branch nearly due south to Centerville, lately re-named Athena, fifteen miles long. Both towns are in Oregon, a little south of the boundary between that State and Washington, and both are in the same remarkably productive wheat belt as Walla Walla. Athena has 1,000 inhabitants and Pendleton 4,500. For about six miles out from Hunt's Junction the country is mainly sage-brush and sand; then comes ten miles of the Vansycle Canyon through which the road climbs up to the high, rolling plateau which skirts the base of the Blue Mountains. Once out of the canyon the country is all wheat, wheat, wheat, as far as the eye can reach. The canyon itself runs through a wheat region but it is high up on the top of the cliffs, out of view from the road. These cliffs reach up, with their basaltic walls, only to the general level of the country, which is heaved up in long ridges and ranges of rounded hills, highly fertile on slopes and summits and all covered with the broad wheat fields.

Mr. Hunt's second line, begun in 1888, started from Hunt Junction in a southeastern direction for Eureka Flat, a very fertile wheat country, which had no railway facilities. The farmers hauled their grain to the old railway at Prescott or to Snake river, where the O. R. & N. Company took it off in boats. One season the boats had more business than they could attend to and thousands of bushels from the Flat were left on the river's bank to be ruined by the winter's

out or lose his outlay. He took the former course, bought all interested parties stock and became the owner of the franchise, right-of-way and road. Going East shortly after, he obtained money on the bonds of his company from C. B. Wright of Philadelphia, and other parties. While building this road Mr. Hunt made a careful study of the condition of affairs in the entire region south of Snake River, and made up his mind that a much more extensive system of new roads, competing with the lines of the O. R. & N., and connecting with the Northern Pacific, could be made to pay. The new system, he believed, should reach all the important towns in the region, but should not parallel the existing lines any more than might be made absolutely necessary by the conformation of the country. It should secure traffic belts of its own in the rich farming country by running through districts not immediately contiguous to the old lines—keeping along the divides instead of following the course of the streams.

In pursuance of this

snows and rains. The O. R. & N. tried to head off Hunt with a road of their own, but he occupied the country before their graders had fairly got to work. The distance from Hunt's Junction to Pleasant View on Eureka Flat, the present terminus of this line, is forty-two miles, and except for the first ten miles of the distance the whole country traversed is productive.

Before this road was commenced the citizens of Walla Walla urged Mr. Hunt to build to their city. They had long agitated for a road to compete with the O. R. & N. Finally it was agreed that Walla Walla would raise a bonus of \$100,000. Mr. Hunt responded to this offer by promptly building from Eureka Junction on the Eureka Flat line and completed his line into Walla Walla in December and his trains ran into the Garden City of the Pacific Northwest, hauling coal from Roslyn and lumber from the Sound and taking the grain and fruits of the Walla Walla Valley to Tacoma.

The next move was to extend the Walla Walla road to Dixie, Waitsburg and Dayton, a distance of thirty-three miles. The extension will be completed this fall. Dixie is a village in the midst of a thickly settled district. Waitsburg is a pretty town of 1,000 inhabitants, with mills run by the water power of the Touchet River. Dayton is also on the Touchet and is a busy county seat town of 2,500 inhabitants.

Mr. Hunt is by no means at the end of his projects for railway building. He means to construct a line southward and eastward from Walla Walla close to the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains to Milton and Weston and across those mountains to the Grande Ronde Valley, entering that beautiful valley near Summerville, a point where there are now no railway facilities. This road will be about seventy-five miles long. Other lines projected are from Dayton, Whetstone Hollow, twelve miles; from Pleasant View, at the head of Eureka Valley to Riparia, on Snake River, fifteen miles; from Fulton, on the Pendleton line, to Foster, on Butter Creek, thirty miles. A line from the Grande Ronde to the Walla Walla Valley is also under consideration. The present mileage of the Hunt lines is 163 miles; when the new roads now decided on are built it will comprise over 330 miles of track.

The controlling idea with Mr. Hunt in the location of his lines is not to find the shortest routes between principal towns, but to surround, penetrate and secure as much good freight-producing territory as possible. His lines are primarily farmers' roads, run so as best to serve the interests of the wheat-growers in the region south of Snake River. They are already popular as passenger roads, but they were built primarily for freight business. They have already increased the price of wheat to the farmers in all the districts they traverse and cheapened the cost of coal and lumber in the towns. They are all well built with fifty-six pound rail, sawed fir ties and broad, solid road bed. Trains can make high speed with safety. Where a line is at a disadvantage with its O. R. & N. competitor in the matter of distance, the balance is maintained by the greater speed of trains on the Hunt road.

Mr. Hunt don't believe there is any economy in building cheap roads. He insists that all material shall be first-class and that the road-bed shall be as solid and broad as that of trunk lines in the East. At the same time his skill and resources as a builder enable him to secure these results at a cost not as great as that of many inferior roads built by a system of multitudinous contracts and sub-contracts. He owns the best plant for grading, track-laying and bridge-building in the Pacific Northwest; he saws his ties and timber in his own mills; he winters his stock on his own extensive grazing and hay ranch in the Umatilla Valley; he owns grain farms; a half interest in the large Pendleton mill and considerable stock in the new Tacoma mill; he negotiates for right-of-way himself and buys the terminal grounds he needs. In all important matters he is his own business man and saves the profits of contractors and middle men.

LIST OF STATIONS AND DISTANCES FROM JUNCTION

POINTS ON THE O. & W. T. R. R.

Hunt's Junction to Pendleton.

Hunt's Junction.....	0.0
Canon.....	10.9
Vansycle.....	15.4
Stanton.....	17.9
Junction.....	19.3
Helix.....	23.5
Warren.....	27.8
Fulton.....	33.3
Pendleton.....	40.1

Junction to Centerville.

Junction.....	0.0
Hillsdale.....	3.5
Grand View.....	6.0
Waterman.....	8.7
Centerville.....	14.0

Hunt's Junction to Walla Walla.

Hunt's Junction:	0.0
Fairfield	16.8
Eureka Junction.....	22.0
Riverside.....	29.5
Climax.....	33.2
Rulo.....	38.4
Dry Creek.....	44.3
Collis.....	47.5
Waterloo.....	50.0
Walla Walla	53.0

Eureka Junction to Pleasant View.

Eureka Junction.....	0.0
Lee.....	4.7
Clyde.....	11.5
Pleasant View.....	19.4

Walla Walla to Dayton.

Walla Walla.....	0.0
Dixie.....	10.8
Waitsburg.....	24.2
Huntsville.....	26.6
Longs.....	30.2
Dayton.....	33.1

HUNT'S JUNCTION AND WALLULA.

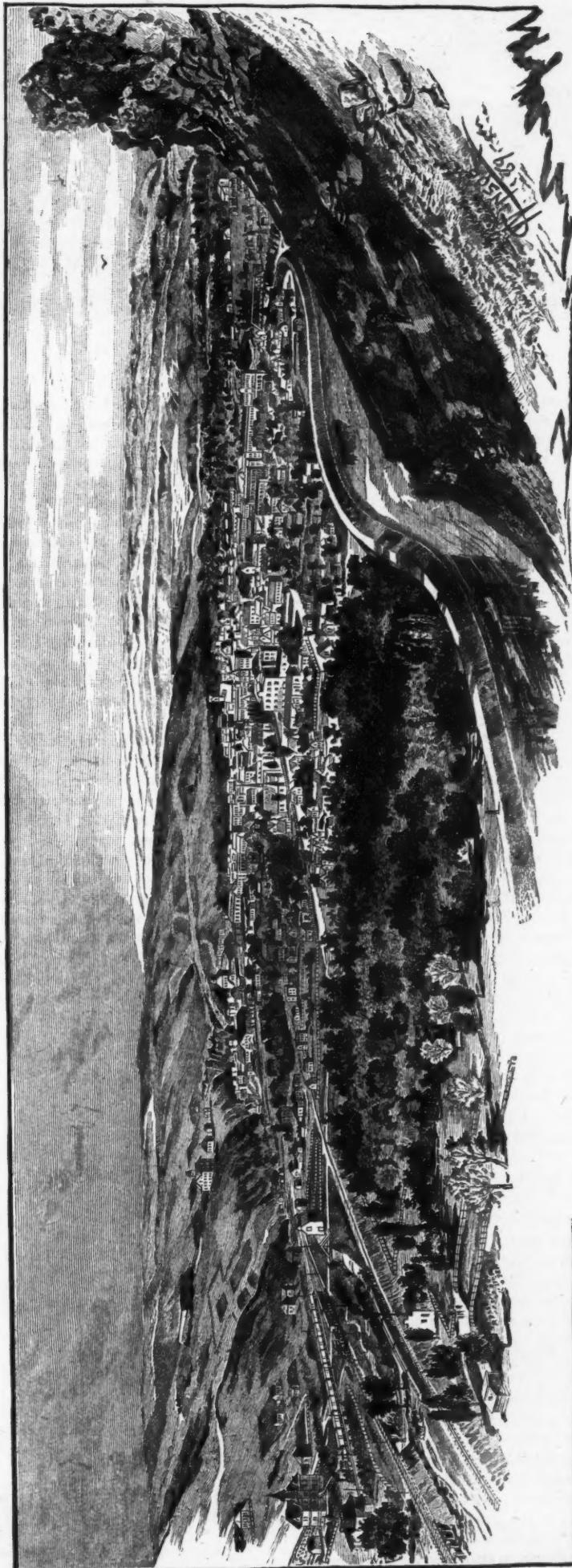
The initial point of the Hunt system on the Northern Pacific road is Hunt's Junction, one mile east of the town of Wallula and twelve miles west of the Snake River bridge. From the Junction diverge the Pendleton and Athena line and the line to Eureka Flat, Walla Walla, Waitsburg and Dayton. Here are the terminal station-houses, water-tanks, supply shops and yards of the system. Wallula is in full view across the plain, as shown in the sketch of our artist. A range of high hills bound the landscape on the west and through these hills the powerful flood of the Columbia River makes its way by a picturesque and narrow gorge.

At the Junction there is not much of a settlement except of the people engaged in railroad operations, but at Wallula a smart town of about 500 inhabitants has grown up on the banks of the Walla Walla River, a short distance from its confluence with the Columbia. The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company's main line runs westward from Wallula to Portland and eastward to Walla Walla and other towns in the interior, and the Northern Pacific connects here with these roads. The river is navigable down to Celilo at the head of the rapids of the Dalles and up to Priest's Rapids, but the railroads control the business along its shores so that very little steamboating is done.

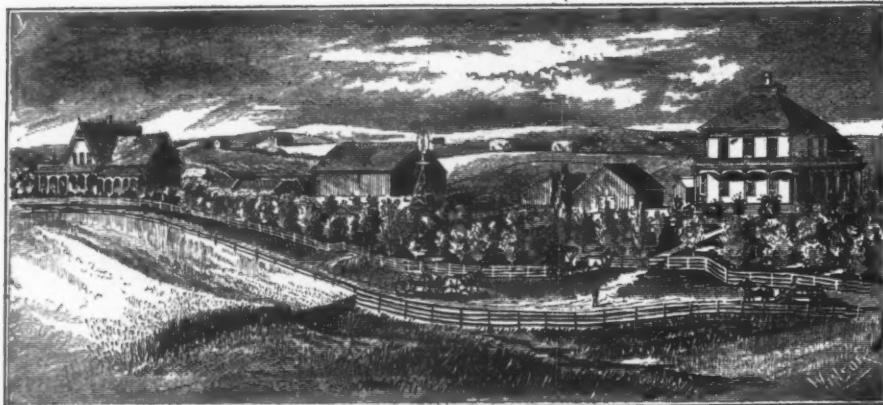
Wallula entertains bright hopes of future growth based on its central position and its rail and water facilities. It looks on the near suburb of Hunt's Junction as a part of itself and profits materially in its trade from the business already developed on the Hunt lines. Considerable trade is drawn from the grain country which lies out of sight over the tops of the high hills which limit the view in the direction of Pendleton. The immediate vicinity is all sage-brush desert or river, but the agricultural country begins but a few miles away on the south and the east.

PENDLETON.

Pendleton, in Eastern Oregon, a few miles south of the Washington line, is one of the brightest, most active and most prosperous towns in the Pacific Northwest. Its population is upwards of 4,000 and its growth from a frontier trading hamlet is an affair



GENERAL VIEW OF PENDLETON, OREGON.



A FARM SCENE AT FULTON, NEAR PENDLETON.

mainly of the past seven years. The railway from Portland reached the place in 1882 and since then growth has been the steady order of things. This railway belongs to the Oregon Railway & Navigation system and runs southeastward to connect with the Oregon Short Line at Huntington, on Snake River, at the Idaho boundary. Both roads now belong by lease or partial ownership to the Union Pacific, and the through trains of that transcontinental line run through Pendleton on their way from Omaha to Portland. A branch of the O. R. & N. connects Pendleton with Walla Walla, Dayton, Colfax and Spokane Falls. One of the numerous roads which Mr. G. W. Hunt's Oregon & Washington Territory Company is building has just been completed to Pendleton. It runs northward to Hunt's Junction and practically brings the Northern Pacific system into the town, for Hunt's roads work in close accord with the N. P.

With these excellent railway facilities nothing is wanting to the prosperity of Pendleton which efficient competitive transportation service can furnish. The town rests upon the solid foundation of agricultural and pastoral industry. On all sides of it stretches one of the finest wheat-growing regions in the world, descending from the Blue Mountains, like a vast billowy sea of highly fertile decomposed lava soil to the sandy plain skirting the Columbia River. There is very little difference in the fertility of the high lands of this region. Only as the country begins to drop off from the plateau towards the river does the soil begin to be light and sandy. The good farming country stretches clear up to the timber line on the mountains. Wheat is the great market crop. I hear people complain of threshing only twenty or twenty-five bushels to the acre this year. They say it is the worst year they have known since the country was settled. How happy an Eastern farmers would be with what they call here a very bad crop!

Pendleton was named in honor of Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton, of Ohio, the distinguished Democratic statesman. It is built in a narrow valley along the Umatilla River, and fills the valley snugly from side to side right up to the feet of the steep grassy hills. At the top of those hills the wheat fields begin. Hunt's road requires seven miles of track to climb the hills north of the town, with a grade of eighty-five feet to the mile, so I take it that Pendleton must be about 600 feet below the general level of the rolling plateau. The river gives abundant power for a 500 barrel flouring mill (Hunt & Byers, owners), and for a smaller mill, and there is an abundant surplus for the factories of the future and also for the water system of the town. Two long business streets meet at a right angle and each has many new and handsome blocks of brick and stone. The court-house is the most notable structure. There is good architecture and good material in it, and few public buildings in Oregon equal it. Umatilla County, of which Pendleton is the capital, is the third county in the State in wealth and can afford

to make a good showing with its temple of justice. Next to justice comes education in all civilized societies, and it is appropriate that the public school house in Pendleton should be surpassed in cost only by the court house. Expert teachers are employed in this building to teach 400 pupils. The Catholics have a school, a college conducted by the Presbyterians has just been opened in the old court house, and there is a private school and a kindergarten. Three hotels offer ample and comfortable accommodations. They are the Golden Rule, the Villard and the Pendleton. The two banks, the First National and the Pendleton Savings Bank, are handsomely housed, and have deposits of over \$600,000. The daily newspaper, called the *East Oregonian*, owns the large building it occupies. The other paper is the *Tribune*, and is a large weekly.

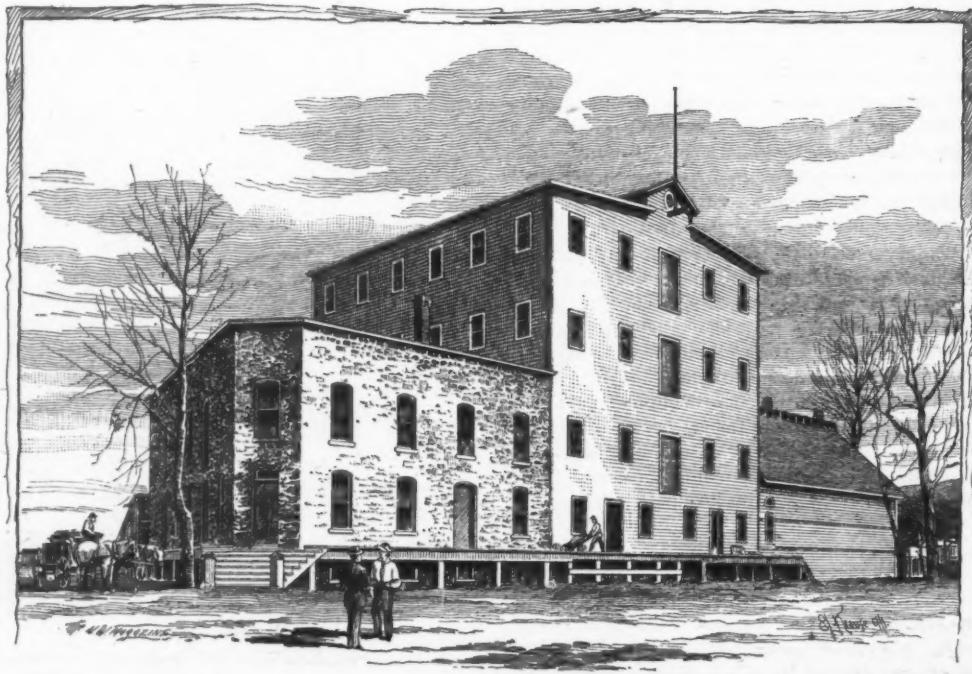
There is not much manufacturing yet outside of the two flouring mills, a foundry and a sash and door factory, but town and country are young yet and new enterprises will be sure to be attracted here in time. As a grain and wool market Pendleton ranks high in the list of Oregon towns. The wool-shipments amount to about fifty car loads a year—over 1,000,000 pounds. Much wheat is shipped from the country stations nearest the farms, and the amount actually handled at Pendleton is therefore no gauge of the importance of the trade which comes to the place as the direct result of wheat-farming. About 40,000 head of sheep are sold annually by Pendleton men. These sheep go to Montana to stock new

ranches and also to the markets of St. Paul and Chicago.

South of Pendleton and coming up to the limits of the city in that direction, is the Umatilla Indian Reservation of 386,000 acres. It has long been a drag upon the progress of the town, but is soon to be broken up by the workings of an act of Congress. The Indians are to receive allotments of land upon it and the remainder of the reservation will be sold in tracts of 160 acres. The appraisement has been made and the sale will take place next Spring. Each purchaser will be allowed to buy only a quarter section and must live one year upon the land before he can get title, so the land speculator will have no chance. One-third of the purchase price must be paid down and the remainder in one and two years without interest. There will probably be about 185,000 acres to sell after the Indians are all provided for, and most of it will be choice wheat land. The opening of the reservation must in time greatly add to the business of Pendleton by peopling the adjacent country on the south with prosperous farmers.

ATHENA, OREGON.

A branch of the Pendleton road of the Hunt system leaves Stanton, eighteen miles from Hunt Junction and after running fourteen miles, ends at the town of Athena, on Wild Horse Creek, a trading center for much of the best country in the great wheat belt which skirts the northern slopes of the Blue Mountains. On the way to Athena, at a station aptly named Grand View, there is an immense and beautiful outlook over the whole Walla Walla Valley, from the mountains to the Columbia and Snake rivers. The confluence of these two mighty rivers can plainly be distinguished though each looks like a narrow ribbon of silver glistening in the far distance. The city of Walla Walla, some thirty miles away, appears like a forest in the midst of cultivated fields, and only by sharp scrutiny of the green patch upon the checkered brown and golden landscape do you perceive the spires and roofs of a few tall buildings. The boundary of the landscape to the east and southeast is the sombre pine-clad summits of the Blue Mountains and to the northeast the view is limited by the upland prairie known as Eureka Flat. The whole scene save the mountains and the far away plains by the river is a remarkable picture of farming life—all the land being occupied by farms—harvesting with huge headers pushed in front of six horses being in progress in a hundred fields within the near range of vision, threshing machines at work here and there and threshing outfits moving



PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS.

like caravans across the yellow lands along roads concealed by the tall grain.

Athena was formerly called Centerville and the new name is not much in vogue yet. The change was made about a year ago. There was a general desire among the citizens for a name less hackneyed and common, and after considerable discussion it was agreed all around that the selection of a new name should be left to the principal of the public schools, who announced Athena as the choice. It gratified his classical taste and at the same time promised to have a local historical significance in the future, being the name of the wife of the town's pioneer settler. The Legislature granted the petition of the people for the desired change and after a few months delay the Post-office Department at Washington altered the title of the post-office accordingly. Then the railroads put the new name in their time tables in place of the old and the change was consummated. It will be many years, however, before old Oregonians and Washingtonians will get accustomed to the new word.

The fertility of the soil in this region is marvellous. This year has been one of remarkable drouth. There was very little snow last Winter and much less than the usual quantity of rain fell in the Spring and Summer; and as a crowning misfortune came the hot winds of June; yet the wheat harvest has not failed. The crop of the country for a radius of fifteen or twenty miles around Athena has averaged twenty bushels to the acre and there are many fields which yielded forty. The soil is of a light brown color, exceedingly fine in texture and turning to a powdery dust under the rays of the summer sun. It appears to be practically bottomless, for in the deepest railway cuts I noticed no difference between the dirt at the

grain roots and that at the bottom. The scientists tell us this soil is all decomposed basalt, but how such vast quantities of lava rock came to be decomposed and heaved up into these hills and hollows is not easily explained. Both science and experience, however, show that this is the best wheat soil in the

Athenian Press. When such of the lands on the unsettled Indian Reservation as are not allotted to settlers are sold next Spring, many new people will find homes in the country immediately adjoining the town—for the reservation line is the creek which skirts Athena—and there will then be a fresh impetus to growth. The town is now well sustained and with the peopling by thrifty farmers of the lands heretofore held by the Umatilla tribe in common there will be openings for more merchants and mechanics.

EUREKA FLAT.

Eureka Flat is the name locally applied to a high plateau lying between the valleys of the Snake and the Touchet rivers and having an elevation of about 1,500 feet above the sea level. This region, which is partly in Walla Walla County and partly in Columbia County, Washington, has a deep soil of decomposed basalt containing the silica and other mineral ingredients which give to the country between the Snake and Columbia rivers and the Blue Mountains its remarkable grain producing capacity. The

Flat is about thirty miles long from east to west and about ten miles wide from north to south. It slopes abruptly towards the Snake and much more gradually towards the Touchet. Settlement of this fine country was retarded for many years by the want of railway facilities. A few farmers went upon the Flat and prospered in spite of the long haul for their grain and in spite, also, of their failure to find water in wells of ordinary depth. They collected water in cisterns during the season of rains and snows and were sometimes



COURT HOUSE, PENDLETON, OREGON.

world, with the possible exception of the plains of Sicily, which are also volcanic in their origin. The oldest farmer in Athena, and one of the leading citizens of the town, Mr. Kirk told me that he had raised wheat here for sixteen years and had never till this year threshed less than twenty-five bushels to the acre. This season his crop averaged twenty-two bushels.

Athena has about 1,000 people. Beside the O. & W. T. road it has the O. R. & N., the Pendleton-Walla Walla line of that company passing through the place. Its newspaper is called the



PENDLETON.—VIEW ON MAIN STREET.



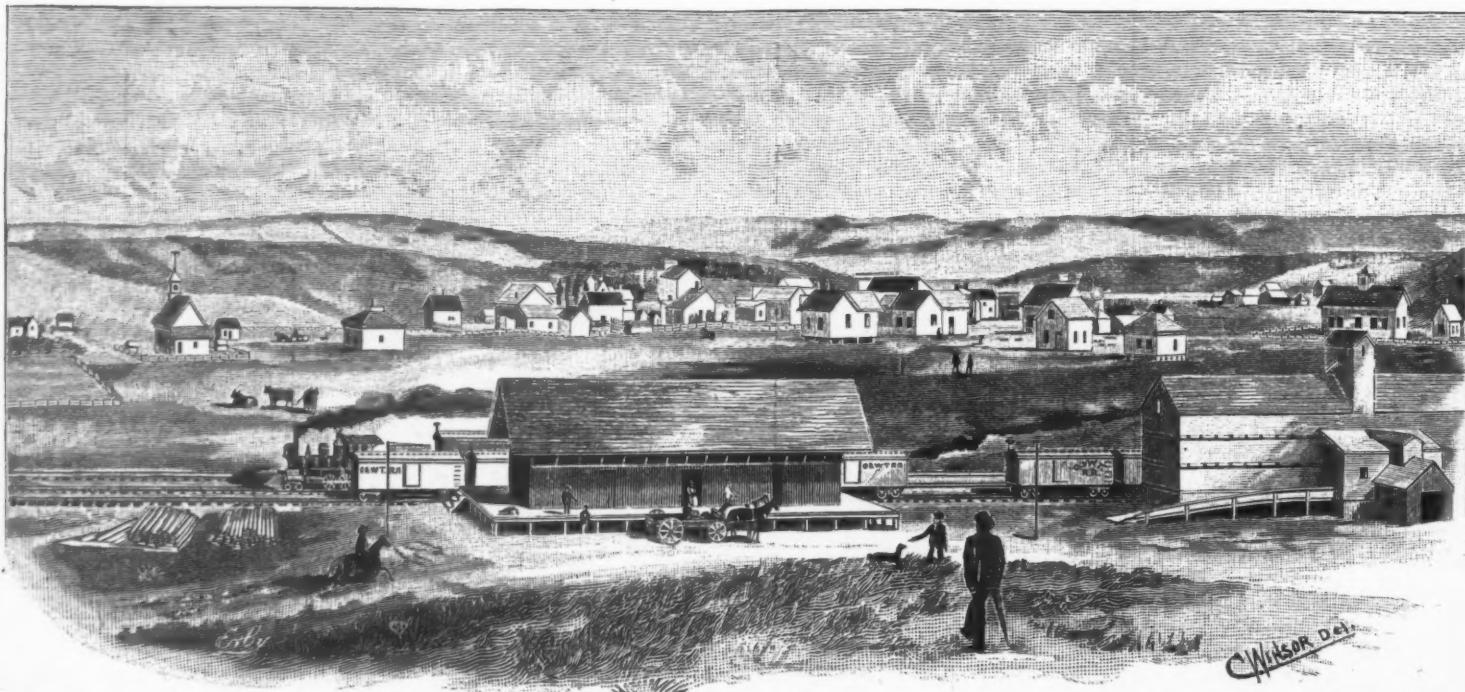
HARVESTING SCENE, EUREKA FLAT, WASHINGTON.

obliged to haul it from the rivers towards the end of the summer. An experiment with a deep well has lately been successful, an abundant flow coming up to within thirty feet of the surface, having been struck at a depth of about 200 feet. The Oregon and Washington Territory Railroad Company has now a line in operation traversing the center of the Flat from Eureka Junction, on the line from Hunt Junction to Walla Walla, to a temporary terminus at Pleasant View, at the head of the Flat. This line is twenty-two miles long and will soon be carried on eastward fifteen miles across a low range of hills, to Riparia, on Snake River, where it will connect with steamboats for Lewiston.

The road, for its entire length, runs through a continuous wheat field, where the average annual crop is about thirty bushels to the acre and where yields of forty and even fifty bushels are not at all extraordinary. Land has appreciated in selling value since the road was built from fifty to 100 per cent. Wild land is now worth from six to fifteen dollars per acre and land that has been broken and is under fence commands from twenty to thirty dollars. The favorite varieties of wheat are the Little Club and the Blue Stem. The former was for a long time the standard variety in the whole Walla Walla country but is being supplanted to a great extent by the Blue Stem, which

has a larger head and a tougher husk, and which stands longer after being ripe without the kernels beginning to shell out. The yield per acre is about the same. Some experiments have been made with the Scotch Fife, which grows well and yields much more heavily than in Dakota. The question as to whether this grain will lose its peculiar hard quality and its large proportion of gluten by being grown in this mild climate is one which has not yet been determined and is one upon which both farmers and millers disagree.

There is plenty of room for more people on this fertile plateau and as the result of denser settlement



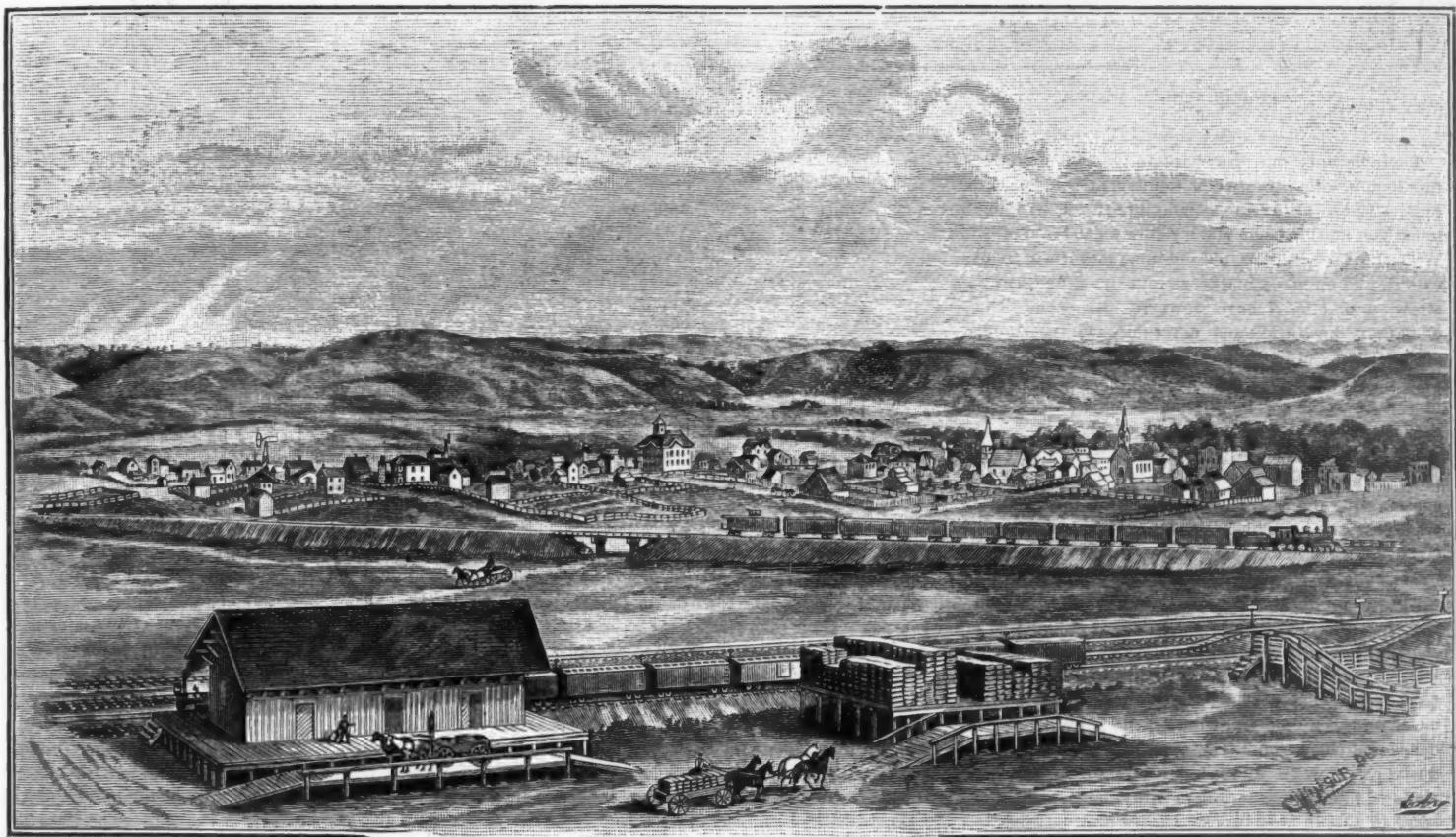
VIEW OF HELIX, OREGON.

and of railway facilities a town will be sure to grow up in a year or two to serve as a trading and grain buying point for the Flat. The farmers are enthusiastic about their prospects now that the road is built in sight of their homes. Most of them hold too much land and work too hard to crop their large farms. They are willing to sell a part of their land to people who will be good neighbors, however, and they generally recognize that there is more comfort and about as much profit in cultivating farms of moderate extent in a well-settled country as in trying to handle 640 or more acres in a sparsely populated region, where schools are a long way off and neighbors too remote for social pleasures.

It is a lively and a pleasant sight to look over the rolling expanses of Eureka Flat in the season of harvest and threshing. The big headers, each propelled by six horses and accompanied by a train of wagons to haul the grain heads to the stack, circle slowly around the fields. Often the threshing is done at once, the grain going directly to the machine. The

It is almost impossible for an artist to make a picture showing the whole town in the season of foliage for the reason that there is no town to be seen from any of the neighboring eminences—nothing but a few spires and roofs in a forest of Lombard poplars, locusts and fruit trees. Even when you drive through the streets between the long colonnades of the poplars you perceive but little of the dwellings of the people, screened as they are behind vines, shrubbery and trees. Lilac bushes grow up to the eaves, and clematis and honeysuckle throw their veils around the porches. Nor can you do much better if you should seek a glimpse from side streets or alleys of some cosy home which has thrown up ramparts of foliage between itself and the highway, for all the back yards are full of fruit trees and the paths run riot through jungles of flowers. Only the main business street reveals itself without reserve. It is a fine thoroughfare eighty feet wide, solidly built up for half a mile with two-story brick blocks, one building only having a third story. At one end of the street stands a tall court house in the

car loads of fruit for shipment to less fortunate regions. I must not forget the cherries, nor the luscious pears, as large as those of California and of much finer flavor. This is, indeed, a land of fruits and flowers. But it is also a land of golden grain. The Walla Walla Valley is the oldest wheat-growing region in Washington, and long cultivation has not yet diminished the product of its fields. This is the exceptionally dry year which comes only about once in a decade, yet there are many fields within sight of the Walla Walla court house which harvested forty, yes, fifty bushels to the acre. Probably the average yield of the whole county will not be twenty-five for many fields were caught with the berry in the milk by a hot wind that blew from the north for two days. They call it a bad wheat year here when the average is less than thirty bushels for the whole region lying at the feet of the Blue Mountains. When a farmer tells you he has raised a good crop, he means from forty to sixty bushels to the acre. I will give a single instance to show how large are the profits of wheat



GENERAL VIEW OF ATHENA, OREGON.

thresher crew live in a canvass house on wheels. When the outfit changes station, a long caravan of men, machinery, horses and tent houses, headed by the self-propelling steam-engine, moves across the yellow plain, like an army on the march. This is the busy and happy season of the year for all the farming population, when the labors of months are realized in the form of the golden grain which is exchanged for golden coin.

Formerly all the wheat of the Pacific Slope went to market at the seaports in sacks. Now the elevator system is established throughout the region by the Northern Pacific Elevator Company, operating on the N. P. and the Hunt lines and by a Portland company operating on the O. R. & N. lines. The old system is not wholly supplanted, however, and at every station the broad platform for the grain in sacks stands beside the new elevator.

WALLA WALLA.

Walla Walla is a great garden, grove and orchard in the midst of rolling hills covered with wheat fields.

center of a green square. Its architecture is tasteful and commanding and its surroundings of lawns and shrubbery do credit to the public spirit of the place. The other important buildings are not at all conspicuous, but must be sought out with some diligence and topographical knowledge in the groves of poplars which form solid walls of verdure around them. They are the school houses, the hospital and the Whitman College. Sundry handsome residences there are, too, which repay a search through the unbragorous streets, and which when you find them, tempt you to seek the acquaintance of their owners for opportunity to enter their grounds and admire at closer view their parterres of flowers and their blossoming shrubs and vines.

I have said that Walla Walla is an orchard as well as a garden and grove. In August the peach trees are bent to the ground under their loads of fruit, the plums hang along the boughs as thick as beads upon a string and the spreading apple trees stagger with their burdens. The grape vines form labyrinths of broad leaves amid which hang the purple and golden clusters. In June the strawberry beds yield

growing on this decomposed lava soil. In the Spring of 1888, Gov. Moore was forced to have a section of land re-seeded which had been sown in the fall. Contracting for all the work of plowing, harrowing, sowing, reaping and threshing and paying for the seed twice he still had a net profit of \$10,000.

This wonderfully prolific wheat belt follows the crescent like course of the Blue Mountain Range for a distance of about seventy miles and has a width of about thirty-five miles. The land falls off from the foot-hills towards the Snake and Columbia rivers at the rate of sixty or seventy feet to the mile and as it descends it grows poorer in grain-producing capacity, until in the vicinity of those mighty streams it becomes a flat sage-brush desert, valueless without irrigation. A heavy crop in the Walla Walla country depends on rains in June. If there is a little rain in the late fall, after the winter wheat is put in, it is enough and light or heavy snow falls do not matter much. Rain is sure to fall in March after the Spring grain is sown; then if there are a few copious showers in June the crop is made. The best farms are those high up on the slopes of the foot hills.



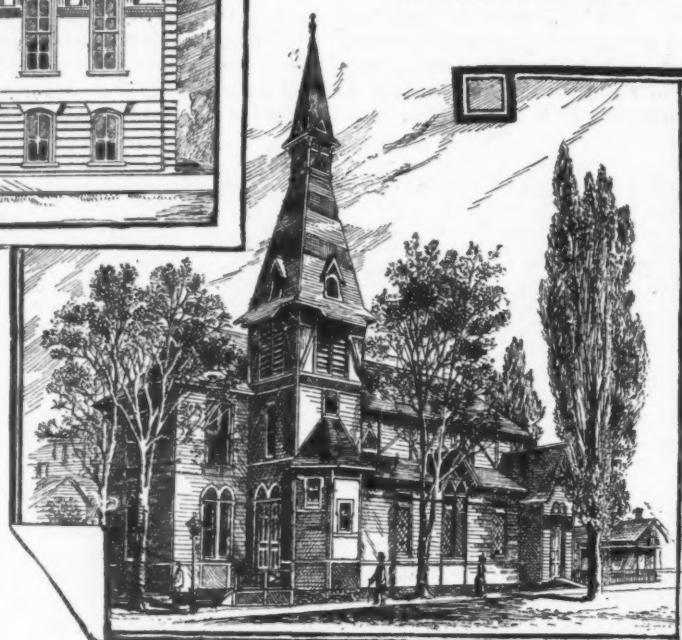
PUBLIC SCHOOL, WALLA WALLA.

There is only one drawback to pleasant living in this region, either in town or country, and that is the dust. The soil is as fine as flour and if you go about much you must breathe and swallow a good deal of it. Watering carts subdue the nuisance in town to some extent, and on many of the streets the people strew straw, a practice I have nowhere else seen. The climate is healthful and agreeable—winters mild, springs and autumns long and delightful and the heat of summer afternoons and nights relieved by breezes from the neighboring mountains.

Walla Walla has between six and seven thousand people. It is growing steadily, but not rapidly. Like most towns dependent upon agriculture it is solvent, conservative and rather slow. There are few changes from year to year in business matters or business men. Old established houses control the trade. The young men of energy who find fortune too slow in conferring favors go off to the Palouse Country, the Big Bend Country, or some other new region. Yet there is a constant influx of Eastern farmers who pay the old settlers well for halves or quarters of their big section farms, delighted to live in a country where Nature never refuses a crop and where fruits grow in abundance and perfection. These people don't mind the dusty roads when they are hauling to the railway stations their wheat crops of forty bushels to the acre, or taking their apples, pears and peaches to town for shipment to the Puget Sound cities.

These six or seven thousand people in Walla Walla are supported by the rich agricultural country around them; that is to say, the town is the natural result of the farms. There is not much manufacturing; trade and the professions occupying those who needs must be busy—but there are not a few people who have made snug fortunes and are taking life easily. The schools are good and the society is good and many families when they are ten or twenty thousand dollars ahead of the game of agriculture—here never a losing game—move into town to give their children educational advantages and themselves and their wives social opportunities.

The railway facilities are now excellent, since the Hunt roads furnish competition with the old lines of the O. R. & N. Co. One of Mr. Hunt's new lines runs down to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Hunt's Junction and affords a direct route both to the East and to Puget Sound. Another runs to Dixie, Waitsburg and Dayton. The O. R. & N. main line from Portland passes through the town on its way to Dayton, Waitsburg and Pomeroy, and crossing the Snake River keeps on to Colfax, the Palouse Country and Spokane Falls. A cut-off line runs southward to Centerville and Pendleton where it connects with the Oregon Short Line trains of the Union Pacific. The transportation situation is now much more favorable than formerly for the growth of Walla Walla as a distributing center for merchandise.



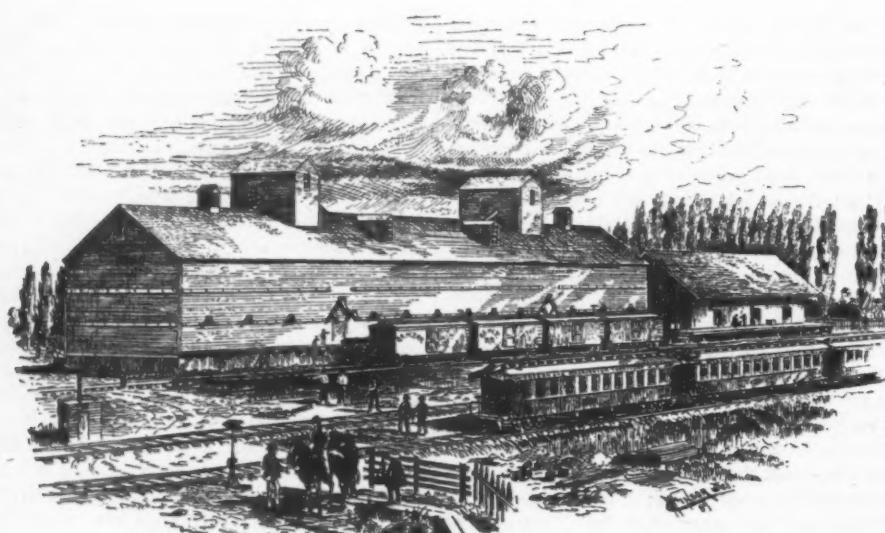
METHODIST CHURCH, WALLA WALLA.

The terminal grounds of the new Oregon and Washington Territory Railroad in Walla Walla are on Main Street, near the business center of the city. They were purchased by Mr. Hunt at a cost of \$50,000. The new passenger depot will be of brick, of handsome architecture and pleasantly shaded by a row of tall poplars.

WAITSBURG.

Waitsburg was not made by railroads. It had won a place on the map before the first rails were laid east of the Cascade Mountains in either Washington or Oregon. The beauty of the valley where the Touchet River is joined by a little creek called the Coppel, attracted settlers back in the sixties, and prior to 1870 there was a store, a post-office and a blacksmith shop at the place. The first settler, Mr. Wait, gave the village a name and when the surrounding hills were gradually changed from stock-range to wheat-fields as settlers came in to occupy these fertile lands, the town enlarged its borders and built schools and churches, stores and cosy dwellings beneath the shade of the native cottonwoods and the Lombardy poplars. A big flouring mill, run by the water-power of the river, attracted the farmers and their wheat and so it was that when the railroad came in 1880 it found a prosperous village ready to furnish it with business.

Waitsburg has now about 1,000 people. Whether you come down into the shady streets from the high, sunny hills, or arrive by following the winding valley, it makes a very agreeable impression. It seems to be a place of homes, where people have come to live because they liked the spot, and where they mean to stay for the rest of their lives. They paint their houses neatly, plant flowers in their dooryards and fill their back lots with fruit trees and currant and



WHEAT WAREHOUSES AT WALLA WALLA, ON THE O. & W. T. R. R.



WALLA WALLA.—VIEW ON MAIN STREET.

blackberry bushes. They maintain good schools, supporting, besides the graded public school, an academy, which draws to its classes the ambitious sons and daughters of the neighboring farmers, eager for educational advantages, as well as many of the village youths. They keep their streets clean of rubbish, and strange to say, maintain a little daily newspaper, the *Times*. I never before found a daily in so small a town, and I judge from its existence that these Waitsburg people must be remarkably intelligent and wide-awake.

□ The luxuriant growth of vegetation in these warm valleys is very noticeable. Corn, which does not flourish on the high lands, matures well on the bottoms by the streams. The peach, apple, plum and pear trees are loaded with fruit. The elderberry bush grows to a height of twelve or fifteen feet and bears enormous clusters, each berry being almost as large as a wild grape. All garden vegetables are raised with very little care. Potatoes yield enormously and are nowhere of finer flavor. Squashes I have seen so large that two or three of them would load a wagon.

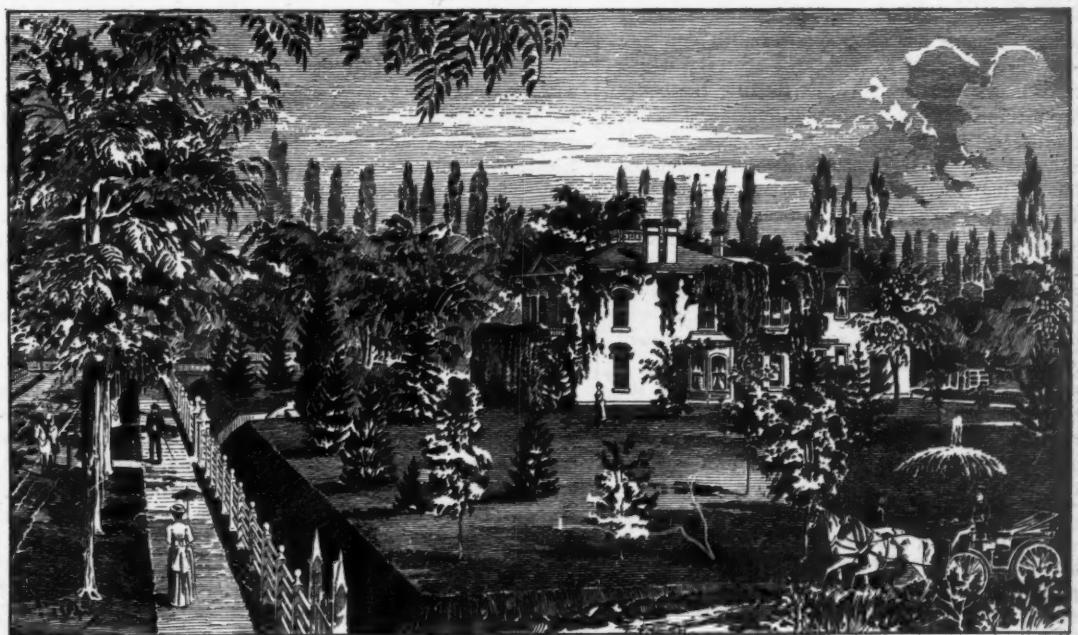
The Oregon Railway & Navigation Company have a branch road leaving the main line at Bolles Junction and running up the Touchet Valley to Waitsburg and Dayton. The Oregon and Washington Territory (Hunt's road) comes with Waitsburg by following the Coppel Creek down to its mouth through a superb wheat country, and keeps on up the Touchet to Dayton. It gives a shorter line to Walla Walla by about seven miles than the old route. The lands of this region are too rich and too desirable in all respects to be much longer held in large farms. Land that will grow thirty, forty or fifty bushels of wheat year after year should have a family

on every 160 acres, and will in time, for the large holders will be pressed by purchasers offering good prices for small tracts. Eighty acres of this soil will support a family in comfort, and with 160 a thrifty farmer finds himself laying up money steadily. There never was a failure of the crop in this region. The poor crops would be regarded as first-rate in the old wheat counties of the East. Fruit culture and the raising of stock and keeping of cows help out the small farmer in his home expenses. The ground is easily tilled and farm-work is comparatively light. There are barely eight weeks of winter—often only six, and the long season for out-door work is greatly to the farmer's advantage.

With the dense settlement of the rich lands such towns as Waitsburg, which look mainly to country trade, must experience considerable growth. Meanwhile they are pleasant places for homes whether they grow much or not, having the advantages of shade and running streams, fruits and flowers, agreeable society, good schools and convenient lines of travel connecting them with the world at large.

DAYTON.

Dayton is a remarkably pretty town. It would have a reputation for good looks in old-settled regions where man has had a century to improve upon nature.



RESIDENCE OF GEO. W. HUNT, WALLA WALLA.



GENERAL VIEW OF WALLA

Evidently nature has worked in kind accord with man's efforts here in the valley of the Touchet, or so much of comfort and beauty could not have been created in only a score of years. All the streets of dwellings are shaded with tall poplars and spreading locusts. All the houses have lawns filled with fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers. The poorest dwelling stands in a green bower, while those of the better class revel in a veritable luxury of foliage and bloom. A swift, cold stream rushes through the place, fringed everywhere with a grove of cottonwoods and alders. This is the Touchet, fed by springs in the Blue Mountains. Even at the end of the long, dry summer its waters are abundant to do the work of the two flouring mills and to furnish motive power for that method of transportation so novel to eastern eyes, the flume. This is a big trough, supported on a light trestle, and having a descending grade sufficient for water to run through it swiftly. Its head is somewhere in the mountains and it ends in the town. Cord-wood and lumber are floated down it from some distant gorge in the forests that cover the mountain slopes, and thus the town gets its boards and fuel.

A smaller stream joins the Touchet at Dayton. It is called the Pattit, and like its big brother suggest early explorations by French or French Canadians, and it also hides itself in a broad belt of timber growth. With the river and the creek, the flume, the mill races and the ditch that runs the electric light plant, go where you will in the town you are

pretty sure to hear the gurgle and splash of swift-flowing water.

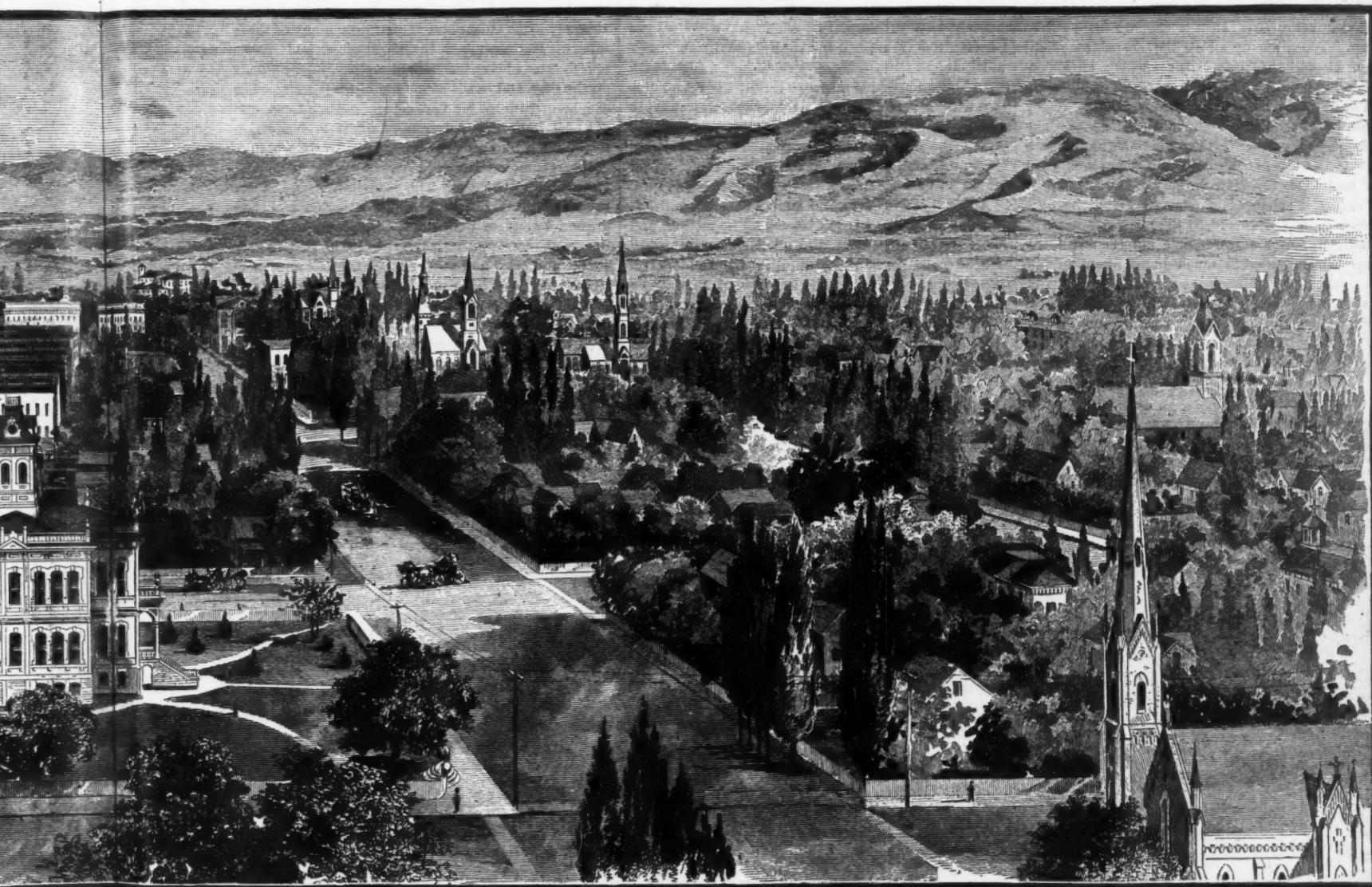
□ The valley is a narrow one, just giving room enough for the streets and gardens of the town, with a reasonable margin for future growth, and the encompassing hills are steep. At the time I write, in the latter part of August, their tops are still golden with the stubble of wheat fields. In every direction the horizon line is a big wheat field coming down over the top of a lofty hill. Here and there, in the folds of the hills are clumps of poplars indicating where the farm-houses are hidden. All the land is tillable save that on the steepest slopes, and it is all fertile. The best or "strongest" land, as the farmers call it, lies nearest the mountains, and there the rainfall is greatest. As you go northward towards Snake River, the soil grows lighter and the rain-fall decreases slightly. Wheat on the farms between Dayton and the mountains yielded in this exceptionally dry year from twenty-five to forty bushels to the acre—one man told me he raised fifty-seven bushels to the acre on a small field; but north of Dayton, towards Snake River the crop ranged much lower—from twenty to twenty-five being the figures usually given. Last year the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company hauled out from Dayton 1,400 car loads of wheat and 350 car loads of flour.

Henceforth there will be competition in railway service here. G. W. Hunt's road from Walla Walla to Dayton will be finished in October, and will go on twelve miles further through the heart of the Colum-

bia County wheat field to Whetstone Hollow. The people anticipate lower freight rates on grain and merchandise, new settlers in the country and a new growth for the town from this rivalry in transportation.

Dayton can now count fully 2,500 inhabitants without any effort at inflating the returns. The business street is substantially built with two-story brick blocks. The handsome new court house cost \$40,000. There are four school buildings, the largest of which is the subject of one of our illustrations. The manufacturing industries are two flouring mills, with a combined capacity of 425 bushels per day, two chop-mills, two planing mills, two shingle mills, two furniture factories, a foundry and machine shop and a brewery. There are five saw mills in the mountain gorges near the town, sawing pine, spruce, fir and tamarack. The National bank has a capital of \$60,000 and a surplus of \$50,000. The town is well lighted with arc electric lights and has water works and sewers. With these city conveniences, and with broad streets surfaced with coarse gravel from the river-bed, good side-walks, an abundance of apples, pears, plums and berries raised in the orchards and gardens of the place, life in Dayton lacks no essential for comfort and convenience. All these things show to the stranger that the people are intelligent and enterprising.

The founder of Dayton was Jesse Day, a brother of Dr. David Day, of St. Paul. He selected the site and built the first house in 1871 and he still lives in the town to rejoice in its prosperity.



VIEW OF WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

THE ROMANCE OF SHEEP-HERDING.

BY E. BARNARD FOOTE.

It is an afternoon in Summer, through my open window come the dulcet strains of a violin and piano, chiming in sweet accord, the tinkling notes of the "Shepherd's Evening Song," and pedestrians are passing slowly in the street, enjoying the melody, and picturing, perhaps, an idyllic scene of mountain solitudes, rosy shepherd lads and lassies, cosset lambs, distant bells, and radiant sunsets.

By some mysterious process, which would be worth a fortune to advertisers, the life of a shepherd lad has always been idealized for the admiring beholder—wrapped in a rainbow-tinted atmosphere of peace and tranquility, and suffused with simple arcadian bliss and innocence, in a way calculated to awaken poetic fancies in the soul of even a Digger Indian.

Now an Alpine shepherd may lead the rosy sort of existence expected of him. As I have never had the pleasure of meeting one of them, I can only say, I hope he does; but the Pacific Coast occupant of the glowing aureole of poesy sometimes finds the inside of it more like a thunder cloud, or a cold, dismal, November fog, than the luminous halo which it appears to outsiders.

From my window, in the outskirts of this Western city of sharp contrasts and twenty thousand inhabitants, I can look out across a river and a deep ravine to a stretch of prairie at the base of a low range of hills a mile away. There, in full sight of the mu-

sicians and the passers-by, a band of several thousand sheep are feeding, and there, prone upon the ground, lies the shepherd lad himself, for a few moment's rest. It is a windy day. The grass on the range is getting short and the sheep are restless. With a sudden start and a simultaneous "b-a-a" which I can vividly imagine, and almost hear, away goes the whole band, in pursuit of their leader. Up jumps the weary herder, mounts his weary rat of a pony, and starts, with the weary dogs, to "surround" them. One hundred and eighty-seven times to-day he has executed a similar manoeuvre, and it is only three o'clock.

I know he is not singing, nor will he be when the descending sun is flecking all the hills with gold. He plays upon no flute, nor does he carry an exaggerated crochet hook in his hand, like the shepherd of our dreams. The picturesque laddie, or the be-ribboned hat, and bare and dimpled feet does not herd the "nannies" of the Pacific Coast. Oh! no!

The galloping herder across the ravine wears a weatherbeaten sombrero and a ducking suit, probably much the worse for wear. It is morally certain that the right leg of his trousers bears plentiful evidence of intimate acquaintance with greasy fingers and frying pans. His dimpled feet are under eclipse within his "ponderous stogas—fabrics of leather like two Saratogas." Even his dogs probably have their poor, sore feet enveloped in shapeless bags of leather. If the Alpine herdsman has a receipt for keeping his feet in their infantile condition while

tramping barefooted over mountains and prairies all summer, he ought, in the interest of humanity, to communicate with his fellow-craftsmen of the Pacific Coast, right away. Many a sickly dry goods clerk and tender-footed young editor, lured from an abode of luxury by the deceptive mirage which overhangs a pastoral life, has been crippled physically by the rude inertia of rocks and boulders, and financially by the wide disproportion between the duty on corn-plasters and a pittance of thirty dollars per month.

The diet of the ideal shepherd boy is milk and cottage cheese, brown bread and the crimson berries of the uplands, drowned in yellow cream; but the youthful guardian of the flock over yonder will make his evening meal—after corralling the band for the night—of fat bacon, sour dough biscuit, strong coffee and molasses. If his "boss" is not too frugal, there may be condensed milk for his coffee, and a dab of oleo in a cracked saucer, for the lubrication of his biscuits; but after all, the air of poesy will painfully non est, as it were.

A wild beast—bear, cougar, or coyote, may raid the sheep, by night or day, and if the gentle shepherd does his duty, according to the popular tradition, he is liable to experience some adventures worth telling to his grandchildren—if he lives to see them.

The shepherd of song and story, living in the society of gentle creatures and the exalted communion of Nature, is commonly supposed to lead a life of beatific contemplation and angelic purity for a hundred years, or more, and finally be translated

from his native mountain top and become a bright winged creature of the seventh paradise: but the earthly career of the flesh and blood herder is a long way from being over such a rose-strewn path to heaven. Too often he offsets the desperate loneliness of his daily life by wild debauchery on his occasional "lay-off," and the commonest of items in any Pacific Coast paper is headed "Another Sheep Herder Insane." Who would not go insane? The reason of a Clay or a Webster would totter under a continuous strain of solitary confinement and hard labor combined, for sixteen hours, day after day. And as for his chances of departure from this miserable and naughty world by the blissful process of translation, or even a respectable natural death, the average sheep-herder is much more likely to fall down a precipice and break his neck, or die alone in his cabin and be eaten by the scavengers of nature, if, indeed, he is not deliberately shot by some cattle man, not in malice, but merely by way of a mild hint to the sheep owners to vacate the range.

help the little fellow to get the desired nourishment. "Oh, the poor little thing; isn't it too bad," says the sympathetic stranger. "The confounded pair of idiots!" frets the impatient shepherd, who does not care to drive them until the lamb finds milk and "gets filled up."

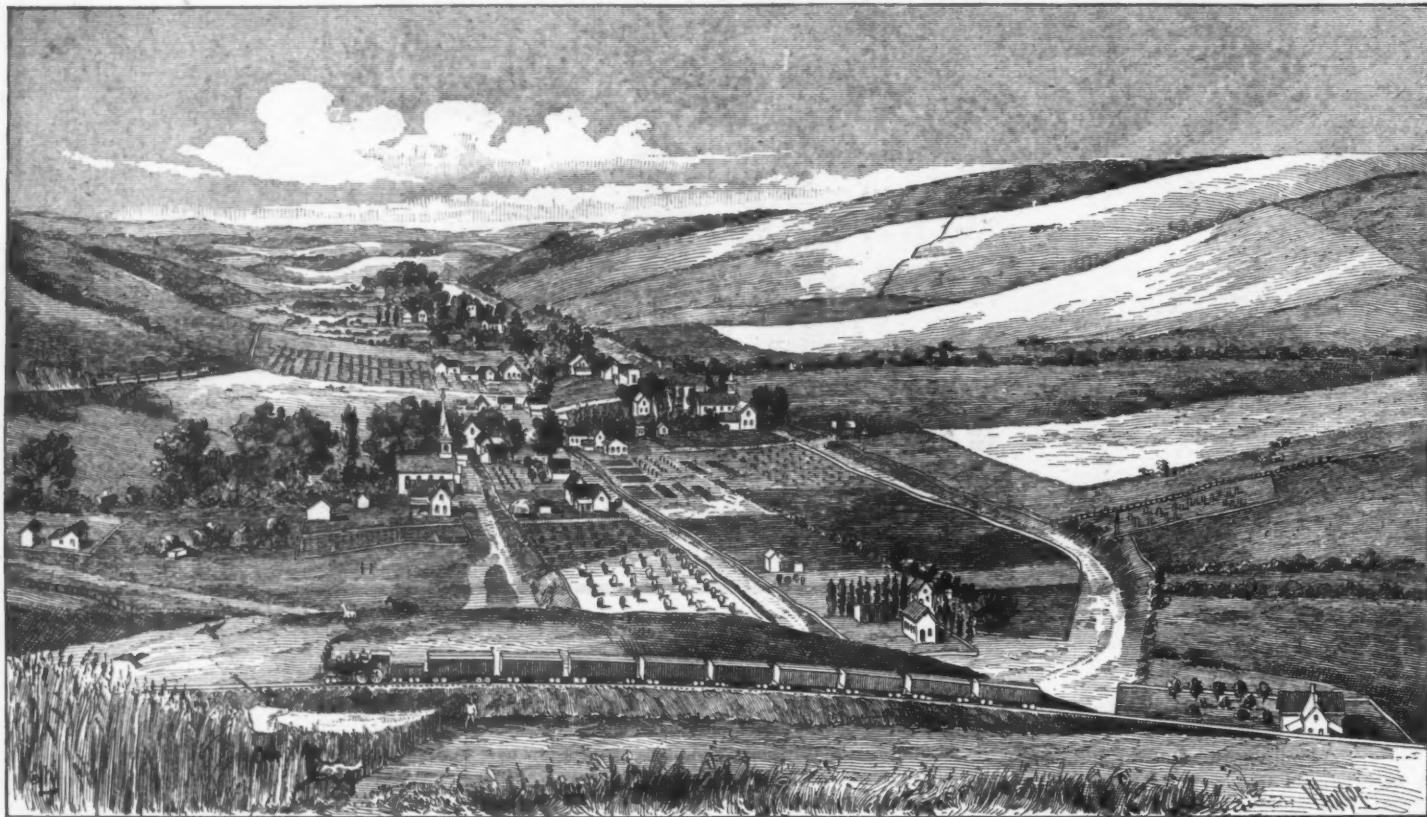
In half an hour his milk can is full; his sides bulge out with a surfeit of the pure article warranted to stand the most rigid test for admixture of water. And as the shepherd slowly urges the old ewe toward home, the lamb goes reeling and rolling along like an old tar just ashore from a year's voyage.

About the first error the lamb makes in his life is to mistake the shepherd or his dog for its mother, and many are the maneuvers that must be gone through with to make the new arrival follow the right party. His next error is likely to be an attempt to walk on air when he comes to a place where he should go down hill. His ten minutes' experience in life has made him believe that all the earth is a level plain, and in broad daylight he steps off the top of a hill just

black. How shall he get over that terrible line? It must be worse than going down hill, or up hill, or running after a dog that growls or a man that kicks. It surely looks much more frightful than any of these things. His mother is in the shadow, and coaxes him to come along; but he will not risk it—he stands on the edge and bawls at the top of his powers. The shepherd, with his big foot comes to the rescue, and our poor lamb is lifted from sunlight to shadow on the end of a number nine boot.

He trots along after his mother for a few yards and meets a new difficulty. This time it is from shadow to sunlight. It looks tough; the situation seems to present no end of difficulties. He walks across the line with fear and trembling, only to find it very simple and easy, and concludes that things are not so bad as they look. He has already begun to find out that things which seem easy in life lead often to disaster, and forbidding things often present no real danger.

At this time he is about one hour old; for a whole hour he has been running his respiratory, circulatory



VIEW OF DIXIE, WASHINGTON.

Sweet, simple joys, indeed! How fit a theme for poet's lay. The music ceases; one remarks: "How sweetly pastoral," and the pedestrians move on. The flock and the shepherd have vanished, unseen by all, save you and me.

THE LAMB BEGINNING LIFE.

About five minutes after the lamb is born he is on his feet. The unsteady earth under him now heaves to the right; surges up and then down, and it whirls and it twirls while he staggers and struggles and twists one leg around the other like a vine around a tree; or else he spreads those members all out until they look like the forks under a weather vane. He tumbles down for the fiftieth time, and for the fiftieth time renews the fight to secure that footing in the great world from which only can he reach the life-giving milk. His mother—particularly if it is her first—in her crazy anxiety to help, knocks him down, steps on him, and does—without leaving out a possible exception—everything she should not do, while she leaves nearly everything undone that might

as serenely as a man steps off the top landing of the stairs in total darkness when he is certain that the stairs are twenty feet away. The result is a great surprise to man and lamb in each instance.

The lamb picks himself up and continues down the hill; he soon comes to the conclusion that everything is down hill in his life, and not on a dead level. Upon getting to the foot of the hill, he still tries to continue downward, and as a result runs his nose into the ground and looks surprised again. He now comes to a place to get up hill, and goes up just as our man starts to go up stairs in total darkness when he thinks the stairs are still twenty feet away.

Our lamb is now getting very suspicious. He was pushed over and growled at for following the dog when he thought it was his mother; the shepherd kicked and abused him for following him; he tumbled down hill when he saw nothing unusual in the looks of the ground, and up hill again under similar circumstances. In this frame of mind he comes to a shadow cast by a neighboring hill. This is the most appalling thing he has yet seen in life. He stands in the bright sunshine; twelve inches ahead of him all the world is

and locomotive powers as an independent being, and has become quite a lamb. Just at that instant a carriage drives rapidly along the road. His quick eyes sees it; he thinks perhaps it is his mother, and that she is running from danger. He strikes out after it. It is wonderful what an hour has done for him in the way of development; he runs faster than the shepherd, faster than his mother, and is in imminent danger of getting under the horses' feet or the wheels of the carriage.

It is here that the dog comes in play, if he understands his business. He runs up alongside of the lamb, pushes it over with his nose, jumps upon it and holds it down upon the ground with his nose until the shepherd comes up. The shepherd takes the lamb and stands it upon its feet so that it can see its mother who has come up to within a few feet. He holds it until it sees its mother on a move and then lets it go. The old ewe licks off the face of a sadder and wiser lamb—lets him have another dose of liquid nourishment, and together they get home.

There is only one thing that is 500 times as funny and provoking by turns as a lamb, and that is 500

lambs together when they are about a month old. The shepherd sits down and watches the 500 lambs all in a bunch by themselves, playing, running and frolicking, and he laughs. When he has tried, and tried in vain, to get the same 500 across a bridge or into a corral he sits down again, but he does not laugh this time.

A young lamb has no way of telling which ewe is its mother and the mother only knows which lamb is her own by the scent. Hence, while very young it is a bad plan to have too many together, for the ewe may be confused by so many lambs or become partially indifferent, and the lamb perish for the want of care. When a few weeks old, however, they know each other by the sound of the voice. In a band of 2,000 or 3,000 ewes, a ewe may call her lamb, and the lamb will answer from the other side of the flock. They will go as straight to each other, right through the whole band, as they would if they were the only two animals for a mile around.—*Montana Wool Grower.*

AN ALASKAN ROMANCE.

The crowd of passengers in the Union Depot at Kansas City lately were interested in a stalwart young

"When I arrived at Forty-mile three years ago and staked my claim I heard wonderful stories about Lawrence River, but no camps have been established there, and the bars above the mouth had not been prospected. I determined to go and see for myself. The journey had to be made in a canoe, and I gave out word that I desired to employ a native to pole the boat and take care of my camping outfit. I confess that I was surprised the next day when a stalwart native led a woman into my hut and offered her as the servant I desired. I consulted with other miners, and from them learned that the native females were the only ones that could be trusted, as they were diligent, strong, faithful and honest, while the males were exactly the reverse, and liable to murder their sleeping employer if there is the least chance to get away with the body. I learned that the woman was the wife of the man who brought her to me. The woman seemed anxious to be employed, and I concluded a bargain with her husband.

"The next morning she appeared at my claim with a small bundle of clothing in hand. She set about and had my boat fitted up ready for the trip by noon, and we pulled out soon afterward. She poled the boat swiftly, while I sat on the stern musing over the

husband would sell her forever for \$50 and proposed if I would buy her she would work the gold out of my claim after working hours. I agreed to her proposition. Her eyes brightened up, and from that hour to this she has been the happiest woman in Alaska. I found her husband on a big spree, and he readily sold the woman for \$20 and a pair of boots. The money proved to be his ruin. He filled up with Alaska Fur Company whiskey and was drowned in the Yukon a day or two afterward.

"Now that the woman was mine I provided her with clothes like American women. It cost her a considerable effort to learn to wear them, but she did. I did not, of course, let her work in the mines, but treated her like an American wife. Several other miners secured native wives, and the women formed a very select circle, greatly envied by the females of their tribe.

"I had big luck at mining and determined to take my wife and baby back to the States to see my parents. When we came out we stopped at Sitka and were married in regular style. This was our first chance and I guess it is all regular under the circumstances.

"I think my wife is nice. I love her dearly, and



GENERAL VIEW OF WAITSBURG, WASHINGTON.

man wearing the garb peculiar to mining districts and his Esquimaux wife and two-year-old baby. The woman was clothed in ordinary female dress, but her dark skin, sharp, black eyes, broken speech and appearance generally proclaimed her nativity, while the baby that nestled in her arms and pulled its papa's long beard clearly showed its mixed blood.

The miner submitted to an interview as gracefully as a politician. His wife proved to have quite a romantic history and his marriage to be a very interesting romance. "My name," said he, "is James Steed. I live in Alaska and I am en route to my parents' home in Dallas County, Mo., with my wife and baby for a visit. My wife is an Esquimaux, about twenty-two years of age. I bought her three years ago while I was in the Forty-mile River placer gold district. She belongs to the tribe that makes its headquarters at Fort Recovery, 1,800 miles above the mouth of the Yukon.

"In the first place I hired her as a servant to assist me in exploring the placer diggings of the Lawrence River, a small stream about 100 miles up the Forty-mile River, paying her husband \$10 for her services three months.

degraded condition of the Alaska females. When the time came for stopping she drew the boat to the shore, made it fast, and drew a canvas over the part designed as the sleeping apartment. She could not understand a word that I said, but by signs I instructed her to prepare supper. When I sat down to eat I invited her to join me. She seemed surprised and blushed like a girl, but accepted my invitation. I was a little surprised when I found that my invitation meant to her that I should treat her as a wife and not a servant, and that was the cause of her confusion.

"I found her assistance invaluable. She taught me how to wash a pan of gold, and her native geological knowledge enabled her to tell the gold value of any district we struck at a glance.

"She learned a few words of English, and we got on together amazingly well. The day before we returned home I noticed that she was downhearted about something, and I inquired the cause. Her eyes were full of tears as she turned her honest-looking face toward me and said: "I don't want to go back to my husband again. He will beat me. He don't treat me like you do." She finally informed me that her

did you ever see a finer baby than that one in her arms?"

S. S. COX'S BEAR STORY.

"In the Yellowstone Park," said Representative Cox, "the scriptural prophecy about the lion and the lamb lying together is paralleled, if not fulfilled. If the lion and the lamb don't lie together, at least the bear and swine sup together, and all the animal kingdom are on fairly friendly terms. The hunted beasts outside the borders of the reservation seek its security, and when they feel the protection of the Government thrown around them, they cease their headlong speed and breathe in the fresh air of freedom. I can't tell how they know it; they can't read the posters that are stuck up warning hunters, but they somehow realize that the arm of the Government is thrown around them when they get into the National Park.

"When Mrs. Cox and I were at an inn in the park they told me of a big bear that came down every evening just before sunset to eat the swill that was thrown out to the hogs. The hog-pen was about a mile back of the house, in the woods, and this bear



would come down every day to eat swill and would go away content without eating any of the little pigs. As he did not leave much food for them, perhaps they never got fat enough for his taste. While we were at dinner they told us that the girl who was waiting on table had met the bear in the path near the pen. She was carrying a basket of clothes from the wash and had the clothes on her head. She said she was not afraid, but I suppose she was a modest girl, for she dropped her clothes and ran. Mrs. Cox and I had a suspicion that they were fooling us, but if there was a bear we wanted to see it. So my wife and I went out by the hogpen to see the bear. Sure enough, we met him in the woods—a great, big fellow. He gave a side glance at us and shuffled off as if he were about to run away. We were almost twenty yards away from him and quickened our pace to advance on him. He suddenly changed his mind about running and we

changed our minds also. He turned towards us and growled. I remarked to Mrs. Cox that as she was getting fat and could not walk as fast as formerly it would be just as well if she'd turn back towards the hotel. Then I modestly followed. She walked much faster than I thought she could."

ORIGIN OF IDAHO'S NAME.

From time to time something appears in the public prints connecting the name of Joaquin Miller with the origin of the word "Idaho" in which it is always claimed that the word in question resulted from an interview which Miller had with Col. Craig while both were traveling through the Nez Perce country, in the summer of 1861. Miller is said to give Colonel Craig credit for composing the word elements from found in the Nez Perce language and which Craig is said to have first pronounced E-da-ho, applying the word to the appearance of a neighboring mountain, upon whose summit something was seen to glisten like a diamond or gem. This was no doubt the origin of the Miller-Craig gem of the mountains, but not of the genuine article nor of the word "Idaho." In the spring of 1860, several months before the discovery of gold had attracted the "Poet of the Sierras" into



DAYTON.—1. COURT HOUSE. 2. MAIN STREET. 3. SCHOOL HOUSE.

the Nez Perce country, a steamboat was built at the upper Cascades on the Columbia under the auspices of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and when the steamer was launched the word "Idaho" appeared in its appropriate place as the name of the vessel. The definition of the word then given to the world was "Gem of the Mountains," and the word was then said to have been taken from the language of one of the Indian tribes inhabiting that portion of the Columbia River Valley. Some efforts have been made to find out who it was that first suggested the name of the steamer, but thus far without success. This steamer "Idaho" plied upon the waters of the Columbia, during the spring, summer and autumn of 1860, and its name was quite familiar to all who traveled through the country that year. When it became necessary to find a name for the new Territory which was organized in March, 1863, somebody, probably Salucus Garfield, suggested the name of the old steamboat that had been long since used up and relegated to the "bone yard."—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

Prof. Henry Montgomery has returned from Devil's Lake where he opened ten Indian mounds. He was very successful in his work and employed a large number of men during the few days spent at the lake. He secured six large earthenware urns, some of which were in perfect condition. They were of various artistic patterns and are relics of no small value. Besides these he found numerous trinkets and ornaments, including a number of pieces of copper evidently from Lake Superior, stone pipes, bone needles and spears, the latter used for spearing fish. There were also shell spoons, birch bark baskets and some tanned hides of two different kinds of animals. One large tropical marine shell had curious figures carved upon it and was evidently from the gulf region. Many articles were found, the use of which it was hard to determine. Besides all these many skeletons were taken out of the mounds, a large number of skulls being in good condition.—*Grand Forks Herald*.

A WHITE MAN'S CHANCE.

In the far West there is a saying terse,
A golden rule epitomized in slang,
Which we might go much further and fare worse
Than take for rule of action. We harangue
On rights and obligations, often prate
Of love and duty, but neglect, perchance,
To give to those of lowlier estate
A white man's chance.

We build cathedrals; ay, and great ones, too;
We say to poverty, "Come in: God's house
Is free to all—except the cushioned pew;
That doesn't go with toil-worn skirt or blouse.
Sit further back, my friend, and give thy mite.
This joyous fane's high pomp and circumstance
Means gold. Give; If thou'lt have—in heaven—quite
A white man's chance."

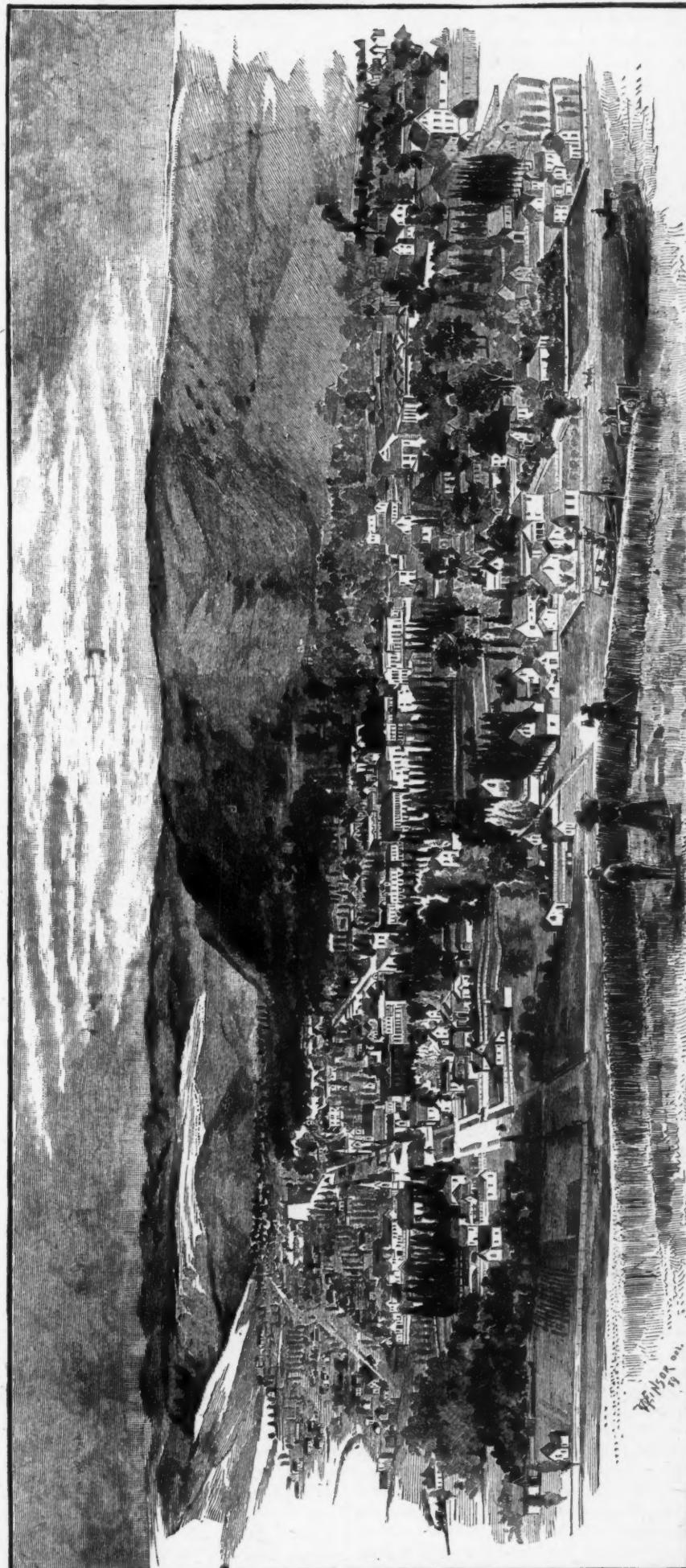
I see a prison, too, grim-barred and strong—
"All hope abandon ye that enter here!"—
But do all in it know 'twixt right and wrong
There is a line of demarkation clear?
Look at that child! Are squalor, vice and shame
Helps in that path o'er which he must advance?
Have they that never heard sweet virtue's name
A white man's chance?

Are the museums for the favored few
Whose listless leisure knows no days of toil?
Were those great works of art framed but for you,
O Plutocrat! Must they till the soil
And work in shops and mills these six long days
Know naught of beauty, music, art, romance,
And never have in labor's thorn-strewn ways
A white man's chance?

Surely the ounce preventive 's better far
Than pound's harsh cure which often fails to cure,
The school-book is less stern than bolt or bar;
It is much safer and 't is far more sure.
O noble Nation, use thy wealth high-piled,
Thy fame and honor wondrously enhance,
And give to poverty's sad, hopeless child
A white man's chance!

W. E. P. FRENCH.

Fort Snelling, July, 1889.



GENERAL VIEW OF DAYTON, WASHINGTON.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published in St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., on the first of each month.

ST. PAUL OFFICE: Mannheimer Block, Third and Minnesota Streets.

MINNEAPOLIS OFFICE: Syndicate Block.

BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, 52 Clark Street. New York, Mille Building, 15 Broad Street. Philadelphia, corner Third and Dock Streets. Portland, Or., Kamm Block. Tacoma, W. T., General Land Office, N. P. R. R.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.00 a year. Subscribers in Europe should remit fifty cents in addition, for ocean postage. All subscriptions should be sent to the main office, St. Paul, Minn., to avoid delay.

THE TRADE is supplied from the St. Paul office of THE NORTHWEST, and also by the American News Company, New York, and the Minnesota News Company, St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per line, each insertion, 50 cents; one inch space, each insertion, \$1. Yearly rate, \$25 per inch.

Address, THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, OCTOBER, 1889.

THE N. P.'S NEW FINANCIAL PLAN.

Henry Villard's new financial scheme for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company is of special interest here in the Northwest because it will secure to that vigorous and progressive corporation ample means for developing its system by the improvement of its terminals, the building of new branches and the extension generally of its facilities for business. This will mean a great deal of money spent in this region in ways that will aid in the development of the country. Mr. Villard's proposition, recently perfected and approved by the N. P. board and to be submitted to the stockholders at the annual meeting on October 17th, is to issue a consolidated mortgage loan to the amount of \$160,000,000, the bonds to run 100 years and to draw interest at from four to five per cent. The proceeds of this loan will be used, first, to retire all forms of bonded and floating debt now outstanding against the company; second to retire the branch bonds issued by the Oregon and Transcontinental Company and endorsed by the Northern Pacific; third, to provide money which will be needed for the extension of the present terminal facilities at Tacoma, Portland, Duluth and other points; fourth, for putting the entire line in first class condition for its heavy and constantly increasing traffic; fifth, for the purchase of new equipment; and lastly to afford a fund for prompt use in the building of such branches as may be needed to protect the traffic territory of the road from invasion and to develop its industries and natural resources. The affirmative vote of nine of the thirteen directors will be required for issuing any of the new bonds.

The detailed plan as finally agreed upon by the N. P. board on Sept. 19, arranges the distribution of the proposed bonds as follows: To retire existing first, second and third mortgages, \$75,000,000; to retire existing bonds of branch roads, \$26,000,000; to provide for new branches, \$20,000,000; to enlarge terminals, improvements, etc., \$20,000,000; for premiums on old bonds, \$10,000,000; for general purposes, \$9,000,000. Total, \$160,000,000.

This plan will entirely relieve the management from the necessity of drawing upon net earnings for such improvements as properly belong to the construction account and will, it is confidently believed, assure the preferred stockholders of regular dividends in future. When it is remembered that the preferred stock repre-

sents money put into bonds during the early days of the road and actually invested in construction, the bonds having been exchanged for stock to release the road from the insolvent condition in which it was involved by the financial panic of 1873, the justice of the claim of the holders to an income on their property cannot be denied. They have waited a long time and now that the road is squarely on its feet financially their demands press for immediate consideration. The Northern Pacific is now in a condition to pay interest on all the money it has borrowed and all it is likely to need and at the same time to earn a dividend for the preferred stockholders, small at first, perhaps only four per cent. per annum, but steadily increasing year by year until the limit of eight per cent. is reached. Afterwards the common stock will be entitled to participate in the profits.

Discussing the new financial plan the Philadelphia Record says:

The new mortgage bonds will not all bear the same rate of interest. The company proposes to issue none at more than 5 per cent. or for the present at less than 4. The present general mortgage bonds are to be exchanged at the rate of 117 per cent. in new 4s; the second mortgage bonds will get 115 per cent. in new 4½s; the third mortgage bonds will get 105 in new 5s, and the branch line bonds will get 107 in new 5s. The amount of new bonds to be issued and the annual interest charges are calculated about as follows:

	Amount.	Interest.
First mortgage.....	\$57,000,000	\$2,025,000
Second mortgage.....	23,000,000	1,035,000
Third mortgage.....	13,000,000	650,000
Branch lines.....	27,000,000	1,350,000
 Totals.....	\$120,000,000	\$5,315,000

The present interest charges on the bonds for which the \$120,000,000 stated above are reserved, amount to \$7,363,770. By this conversion the company's fixed charges will be reduced \$2,048,770. In order to provide new capital, however, it is necessary to issue at once \$20,000,000 of new 5 per cent. bonds, the annual interest upon which will be \$1,000,000. Even after these bonds are put out, however, the fixed charges will be \$1,048,000 less than they are at present.

OUR ARID LANDS.

The advancing line of Western settlement has nearly reached the limits of profitable cultivation by rain-fall and in some localities, such as Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, the enthusiasm and hopes of the pioneers have carried them beyond the danger line, into regions which if not to be classed as arid, are too dry in a majority of seasons for success in farming. Between the area of sufficient rain-fall and that recognized as arid, where no one attempts to farm without irrigation, there is a belt of country about 200 miles broad, reaching from far up in the British Territory clear down to the Gulf of Mexico, which may be termed the sub-arid or sub-humid region, in which a series of years of considerable precipitation of rain and snow are followed by a series of years of scanty moisture. Certain counties in Kansas lying within this belt have been peopled and depopulated three times. During the rainy cycle settlers rush in, to be forced to leave a few years later by repeated failures of crops. Then comes the next recurrent period of rainy years and new people occupy the vacant land, fancying that there has been a permanent change in the climate. And so it goes and will go on until the scientific fact is understood that no climatic changes are occurring on any part of the American Continent. When this is generally known the settlers in the sub-arid belt will adapt their industries to their conditions of climate, raising forage crops mainly, which will grow in dry seasons, depending on stock chiefly for a livelihood and taking chances only on small fields of grain.

West of the sub-arid belt lies the vast region acknowledged to be arid, and including all the territory lying between the 102d meridian and the Cascade and Sierra Mountains, except certain districts like the Palouse and Walla Walla countries in Washington where elevated plateaux receive exceptional moisture from near mountain ranges. The arid region of the United States contains almost as many square miles as the humid region, if we leave Alaska out of the account. A large amount of its surface is fertile

land needing only water to produce crops far greater in average yield than can be raised in the rainy regions east of the Mississippi. Great rivers fed by the rains, snows and springs of the Rocky Mountains traverse this arid country. Their abundant waters, if stored during the time they run waste to the sea, would reclaim many millions of square miles of fruitful soil which would furnish homes for a vast population. The great economic problem of the future in this country is how to utilize these waters for the benefit of the people. It is a problem of national importance, appealing to the highest order of statesmanship, for it is indissolubly associated with the development of the Republic for centuries to come.

It will not be long before population will press upon land in the West as it now does in the East. Only the arid region will then remain for occupancy by our increasing millions of people. The genius of the nation will unquestionably find ways for storing the waters of the rivers and making the land habitable. It is by no means a new problem. The ancients mastered it for themselves thousands of years ago. All the early civilizations were in irrigated regions, and when the ancient nations declined it was because their reservoirs and canals were either neglected or were destroyed by enemies. Already our western pioneers, by individual and corporate effort, have reclaimed nearly 7,000,000 acres of desert lands by irrigation works of comparatively small cost, using only such water as can be readily diverted from the streams during the two months when moisture is most needed for the growing crops. This process of rudimentary irrigation is still extending and still has numerous small valleys to work upon. The extensive irrigation of the future, covering wide plains with a net-work of canals, must depend upon important engineering works to store the waters of the streams near their heads in the mountain ranges by the construction of immense reservoirs. These works will be too costly for combinations of settlers or local corporations to undertake; and it would not be wise to entrust their construction to gigantic corporations, which by controlling the water would control the land and the people living upon the land. In arid regions the values are not in the land but in the water and the water should forever remain the property of the public. The people must use the agency of their State or National Government to build great storage reservoirs and the main canals leading from them.

In considering the magnitude of this subject remember that an acre of irrigated land will produce, in a series of years, three or four times as much as an acre cultivated by rainfall. Irrigated crops never fail and their product at the worst is much larger than the best yields of lands which depend upon the clouds for moisture. The great rivers of the Northwest which are to furnish the water for the mammoth irrigation works of the future are the Yellowstone, the Missouri, the Columbia and the Shoshone or Snake. According to the estimate of the U. S. Geological Survey there are in the Yellowstone bottoms alone 5,000,000 acres of irrigable fertile land. Suppose this land were all brought under ditch and 2,000,000 acres were cultivated in wheat and the remainder in forage crops. Thirty bushels to the acre is a low average wheat crop on irrigated land in Montana. That yield would give us 60,000 bushels, a larger quantity than the total wheat crop of the two Dakotas in the best year yet experienced. The forage crop would give winter feed for an almost incalculable number of stock living in summer upon the herbage of the open ranges. The Yellowstone Valley alone, though not too wide to be all seen from the car windows of the trains passing along it, is capable of supporting over half a million of prosperous people. We give this example to indicate how important is the problem of irrigation to the future growth of the West. The Nation needs its arid lands for the homes of its increasing population and enterprise, capital and statesmanship must now take hold in earnest of the great question of their systematic reclamation.



Minnesota.

THE Northern Pacific cut-off line from Little Falls to Motley is finished and opened for traffic.

THE union depot question has been amicably arranged by the roads centering in Duluth and a handsome structure is to be speedily constructed.

THE Duluth, Red Wing & Southern Railroad has made arrangements to use the Eastern Minnesota's road from a point near Hinckley into Superior and Duluth.

THE Duluth & Winnipeg Railroad is making its way through the pathless woods of Northern Minnesota and will probably reach Itasca with its grade before the ground freezes. It will develop an extensive pine country and probably lead to the opening of iron deposits in Itasca and Beltrami counties.

DULUTH is about to build the longest incline plane railway in this country. It will start at Superior or Michigan Street and run up Seventh Avenue to Ninth Street, a distance of nearly a mile. It will be worked by a stationary engine at the top of the steep hill, on the plan of the inclined plane railroads in Cincinnati and Pittsburg.

THE present year has been the most notable ever known for dwelling house construction in St. Paul. The statistics have not yet been made up but it is evident that the number of dwellings erected will far exceed that of any year in the recent "boom period." This is a new proof that epochs of speculation are not as a rule epochs of solid growth in towns and cities.

LARGEST CARGO OF LUMBER EVER SHIPPED.—The famous lumber barge Wahnapitae, Capt. William Patterson, leaves Duluth, September 17, with the biggest lumber cargo ever carried by any vessel of any description in any part of the world. The *Herald* says: "A few words about this marine monstrosity will be news to many, and the accompanying cut of the vessel will give some idea of her appearance with her present jag of over 2,500,000 feet of lumber on board. The vessel was built in Bay City, Michigan, in 1888, for the Emery Lumber Company for the purpose of carrying logs. Her length over all is 270 feet, and beam 51 1/2 feet. In the United States vessels register, her gross tonnage is 1,431 54, net 1,359.97. Her molded depth is 11.9 feet. She has a B1 rating and an insurance valuation of \$35,000, although she cost \$63,000. Her owners soon took her out of the log trade because, while she was a success, she could make a great deal more money carrying lumber, ties, telegraph poles, etc. She can carry over 3,000 tons on less draft than any other vessel on the lakes can carry 2,000 tons.

North Dakota.

A BED of rock salt has been discovered in Burleigh County and there is considerable interest felt in Bismarck in this unexpected deposit of mineral wealth. Prospecting is now in progress to define the extent of the bed.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—Speaking of Dakota artesian wells, Immigration Commissioner Hagerty says: "These wells are of inestimable value to the country. Supplying an inexhaustible source of power, sufficient for all purposes, they are worth untold millions to the people of the two Dakotas so fortunate as to possess them. It gives a person some idea of the power of these wells to see one

operated for fire purposes. Four streams at the same time can be thrown over the highest buildings from any one of the high pressure wells. No steam engine is needed to help out, and the cost of the fire department is very slight."

THE extension of the Jamestown Northern Railroad is not to stop at Leeds, where it crosses the Manitoba's line, but grading is being pushed northward towards the Turtle Mountains. Probably the road will go on to Brandon, in the Province of Manitoba, the portion of the line in the British country being constructed by the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Company.

SOME people have an idea that domestic flowers cannot be grown in Dakota with success, but a look at Miss Ethel Folsom's flower garden of thirty-six choice varieties would be enough to convince any one that they may be grown here with the greatest profusion. Her flower plants have received no extra care, yet dozens upon dozens of exquisite bouquets have been taken from them, without seeming impoverishment of fragrance and beauty to the plants.—*New England City Sentinel*.

THE people along the proposed line of the Northern Pacific extension through Rolette County, have much hope for the completion of the road this fall. It is stated that graders have finished the works as far as Leeds and will proceed northward at once. This is encouraging news for the people of Rolette County at large, and especially for settlers at Island Lake, Ox Creek and Dunseith. It will be the means of establishing one more good town in the county at least and breathing new life into Dunseith. It will bring new settlers, increase the valuation of property and good times will follow. It is only necessary to attract attention to our fine country to have people come, and there is no better way to do it than by opening up new lines of railroad. All hail the day when the Northern Pacific road reaches Turtle Mountains.—*St. John Review*.

THE NORWEGIANS OF DAKOTA.—Some people estimate that the Norwegians constitute about one-third of the population of Dakota, and that they have pocketed about two-thirds of the profits from the development of this new country. They are thrifty. Most of them come with just enough to get on Government land and build a shack. Before they had earned the homestead title they were in comfortable circumstances, and now they are loaning money to less fortunate neighbors. One of the largest millers in the State is a Norwegian—William C. Leistikow, of Grafton. The cashier of the Hillsboro National Bank, A. L. Hanson, is a Norwegian. Akrehanson, the Treasurer of Grand Forks County, and one of the largest dry goods dealers in the State, is a Norwegian. The Torrelsons are well known to the Red River Valley as men who have money of their own in the bank at all times ready for loans on good security. Every county has Norwegians who are worth from \$25,000 to \$50,000, all made since settling in Dakota. These people live economically and work hard for the first years, but they Americanize with wonderful rapidity, and take to the comforts and luxuries of life just as soon as they find themselves ready to afford them. There are no poorhouses where the Norwegians are thickset, and the jails are mainly ornamental. North Dakota could ill afford to spare the Norwegian population.

Montana.

A RAILROAD is to be built from Boulder to Elkhorn, to reach the important silver mines at the latter place.

THE Montana convention has decided to leave the capital of the new State at Helena until 1892 when a permanent location will be selected.

COL. BROADWATER, of Helena, recently had cast at the Government assay office in that city the largest ingot of gold ever made. Its value was a round \$100,000 and it was made from the product of the Drum Lummond and Jay Gould mines. This costly bar of the yellow metal was placed on exhibition at the Minneapolis Exposition.

THE Anaconda Review now issues a daily edition. No town in Montana can show a more solid growth for the

past two years than Anaconda. Her new hotel, "The Montana," cost with its furnishing \$250,000, and is by far the best house between the Minnesota cities on the east and Tacoma on the west. The landlord is an old St. Paul man, Mr. Harbaugh, who will be remembered for his connection with the Hotel Lafayette, at Lake Minnetonka.

Washington.

ONE thousand men are employed in the Roslyn coal mines.

THERE is a good opening for a bank at Ritzville, county seat of Adams county.

WALLA WALLA is organizing a hotel company with a capital stock of \$250,000.

A COMPANY has been incorporated with a capital of \$2,000,000 to construct a bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver.

The yield of peaches in the Yakima Valley far exceeds all expectations this year. Some of the farmers raising as much as 500 bushels of this fruit.

THE Moxee Company at North Yakima have threshed over 2,000 acres of grain averaging thirty-five bushels to the acre. Some ran over fifty bushels.

THE hop yield in Washington this year will exceed that of last by at least 15,000 bales. In addition to this the hops will be of a finer quality than was ever gathered in Washington.

THE Capital says that a gardener near Ellensburg, this year, raised 400 gallons of strawberries from seven-eights of an acre of ground and sold them at an average of fifty cents per gallon.

SPOKANE FALLS is rallying from the ruins and pushing the work of rebuilding with a tireless energy that is sure to bring success. The entire burnt district is swarming with workmen and teams, employed in the labors of reconstructing the city.

A FAILURE in crops near Palouse City. Only sixty-six and a half bushel of wheat per acre is the highest yield heard of up to date. Potatoes don't weigh only about two pounds each, and beets and turnips are no longer than an ordinary water bucket.—*Palouse City Boomerang*.

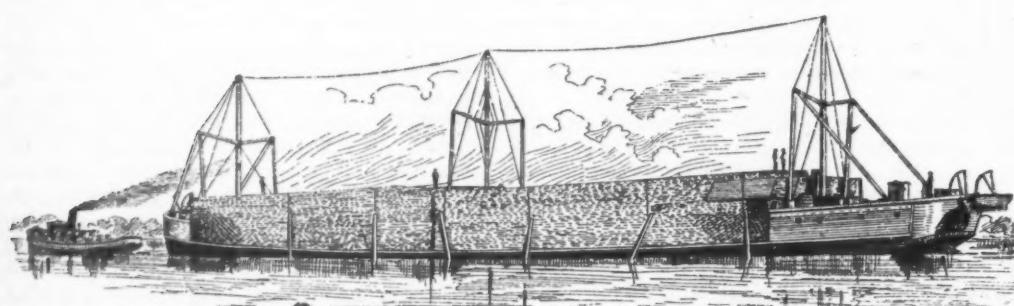
THE estimated wheat crop of Washington and Oregon for this year is: Oregon 11,000,000 bushels, 1,150,000 acres; worth \$8,500,000. Washington 10,000,000 bushels, 600,000 acres; worth \$8,500,000. Last year the figures were: Oregon 14,548 bushels, 892,425 acres; worth \$11,347,440. Washington 9,006,000 bushels, 487,790 acres; worth \$7,024,680.

OLD settlers claim that this is the worst season ever known in the Palouse Country and that the wheat crop is a comparative failure. When they are reminded that the average yield this year will be about thirty bushels, they reply that they know it but if the season had been favorable the average would have been sixty bushels per acre.—*Pullman Herald*.

A CARGO comprised of fine wheat grown by George Bradbury, G. T. Welch and others, of Eureka Flat, was this season shipped to St. Paul, and thence to Sicily, Italy, where it was ground into flour, made into macaroni, which is reported to be the finest in quality of any macaroni ever made by the factory, which is the finest in Italy.—*Walla Walla Union*.

WALLA WALLA WHEAT.—The fertile vale of many waters has already commenced rolling down its teeming treasures of wheat to tidewater just beyond Puyallup. With 124,000 acres of wheat, Walla Walla will have a harvest this year at even the low acreage of twenty bushels an acre, of 2,400,000 bushels. At the present price of wheat this would be worth a million and a quarter dollars. The railroad companies will be kept busy hauling it away. The crop will be 72,000 tons. It would take 4,534 freight cars of fifteen tons capacity each to move the wheat, and if each of the two roads move fifty cars each day, two months of steady work will be necessary to haul the grain. At the uniform rates of \$4.70 a ton for freight, the roads will receive for transportation about \$250,000 from Walla Walla County alone. Great is Walla Walla as a great granary.—*Puyallup Commercial*.

WASHINGTON is a wonderful State. It has smart people; I don't mean smart people but intelligent people. They have lots of dash and enterprise and sagacity. It has better men than any other place in the country. They look as if they were ready for any emergency, however sudden, and they are building up an empire on the waters of the Puget Sound. I have never seen a body of water so eminently fitted for beauty of aspect or for commercial purposes as the Sound.—*S. S. Cox*.



THE WAHNAPITAE AT DULUTH, WITH HER LOAD OF 2,600,000 FEET.—[From the *Northwestern Lumberman*.]

KITTITAS COUNTY needs more people. It needs the farmer, the manufacturer, the lumberman and the stock raiser. It needs the fruit raiser and the gardener. It needs all who come with the wealth, which is necessary to clear the lands, to open the mines, to manufacture lumber and to help develop a region that is blessed by Nature with all the elements of greatness.—*Ellensburg Register*.

A CALIFORNIA gentleman who has just returned from an extended visit to Lake Chelan is greatly elated over what he believes to be a region equal to California for fruit. He is confident the country bordering Lake Chelan to be naturally adapted for the growth of apricots, peaches, grapes and other tender fruits. He found an abundance of unoccupied land that he believes in time will be equal in value to the famous California fruit lands and is anxious that the people from his native State come and settle in Chelan.—*Big Bend Empire*.

NO one can fully forecast what Washington may become. She has certainly the most varied, and without much doubt the most remarkable resources of all. Taken as an agricultural, a commercial or timbered State, her future may be great. The early years of the next century may easily find her second to not more than two States of the Union in importance. As a Pacific Coast State she has an equal commercial position with California, and a very great advantage over the latter State in climate and in capacity for varied production.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Oregon.

THE OREGON PACIFIC.—It has been suspected that the Chicago & Northwestern is interested in the Oregon Pacific, and now it is said to be a certainty that it has advanced \$5,000,000 to construct that road eastward from Albany. Five million should build a great deal of road on the route from the Cascades to Boise, as the road will pass the head waters of the Deschutes, and sweep around the southern base of the Blue Mountains. Crossing the Cascades will not be such a difficulty as on some other routes, for the foot of Mount Jefferson will be reached through an interesting region not at all mountainous. The construction of this transcontinental route will open up a new region through Middle and Eastern Oregon, and develop a timbered district in the Cascades that will be of immediate importance to the road when built. There are gold, silver, copper and lead mines in the mountains and probably coal, lime and iron will be available. The country east of the Cascades will become valuable for agriculture to some extent, and whatever its resources may be they will soon become known and be available. No greater work can be done for Oregon than the construction of the Oregon Pacific, as the whole State must feel the benefits to come from that road.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Manitoba.

THE Northern Pacific's line from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie was opened for regular traffic early in September. Good progress is being made with the line from Morris to Brandon, but it will hardly be finished in time for operation this fall.

THE wheat crop of this year in most part of Manitoba is a good one. This is particularly the case in the neighborhood of Portage la Prairie. Many farmers have threshed out twenty-five bushels to the acre, and the quality is of the best.

THE Northern Pacific & Manitoba Railway Co. is going to build a line at once from Portage la Prairie to Lake Manitoba, a distance of about fifteen miles. This road, in connection with a steamboat on the lake, will open the shores of the lake to settlement. Lake Manitoba is a handsome body of pure water, nearly 100 miles long by about thirty miles wide. At present there is but a scanty population on its shores.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION.—The season of 1889 is proving one of the most important in the matter of railway construction through the prairie region of western Canada, since the first beginning of railway work here. Undoubtedly this desirable state of affairs is due to the advent of a new and powerful railway corporation in our midst. Had not the Northern Pacific Company undertaken the construction of a system of railways in Manitoba, there is no reason to believe that the activity recently shown by the C. P. corporation would have been displayed. The branch lines recently undertaken by the C. P. company have been badly needed for years, but that corporation has remained deaf to all appeals, until stirred up to activity by the invasion of its territory by another company. So far Manitoba has had no reason to regret the results of the anti-monopoly agitation, nor the expenditure undertaken by the Province in inducing another powerful railway corporation to enter the field. So far nothing but satisfaction can be expressed for the results already attained from the successful termination of the anti-disallowance, anti-monopoly agitation. The country has settled down to a state of peace and quietness which it had not experienced for years. A feeling of confidence is abroad in the land which was quite foreign to the turbulent days of agitation, during which time the Province was laboring under the load unjustly forced upon us by the Dominion. Above all a new and active era in the development of the country has set in.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

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ROPPING THE LONG-HORNED OX.

During the recent meeting of the Territorial stock-growers on the reservation opposite Miles City, there were some roping matches of more than ordinary interest. Of all cowboy sports, roping contests are the most exciting, and call forth more skill and agility than the man who has never visited the Far West can appreciate.

When a contest of this kind is arranged, a piece of ground is selected, care being taken that it is level and free from any dog holes, rocks or brush that might bring down a horse while running at full speed, and injure both it and its rider. A bunch of thirty or forty lively young steers, full of grit are then driven up by three cowboys, two of whom hold the bunch, while the third "cuts out" the animals one by one for the contest. Timekeepers are appointed, and the first competitor comes forward on his pony. He takes his stand forty or fifty yards from the bunch, and a fine picture he generally makes, with his big white hat, his spurs and his lasso. Then a steer is cut out from the bunch and started on the run. At a given signal the cutter out pulls up his broncho in the proverbial four feet of space, and the competitor dashes after the steer. A sharp race follows and the second the cowboy gets near enough he swings the rope above his head, takes careful aim, and circles it around the steer's horns. In an instant the broncho stops suddenly, bringing the steer to a halt. Then the horse runs round the steer, which is promptly thrown. The rider fastens the rope to the horn of the saddle and dismounts, leaving the horse to hold down the steer, which it invariably does by sitting down on its haunches and bracing itself with its forelegs. The cowboy proceeds to tie the steer's hind legs, and the moment he has done his task is completed, and the time is taken.

Each competitor follows in turn, and the one making the quickest time is the winner.

YES, COME TO DAKOTA.

"Do you advise me to come to Dakota?" asks the Eastern reader. That depends upon circumstances. If you are well fixed where you are, are old and in good health and there is no need of a change, it would be foolish to come. But if you are old and in poor health the change would no doubt do you good, as it has many others. If you are young and find it hard to get a start where you are, why come, and stand not on the order of your coming. The great Territory will soon enter the Union as two States. There are hundreds of good farms, more or less improved, which can be had at reasonable prices; there are restless people here who will make sacrifices in the belief that they can do better further West, and they will sell at the buyer's price. If you have courage and are willing to deny yourself a few comforts for a year or two, you can get a free farm from the Government. If you don't want to live here and have money to invest, it will pay you to take a trip through Dakota; it will pay you as a mere visitor and sight-seer. The man of the East who has not traveled much has no adequate idea of Dakota and the West. The way is easy, Dakota is being settled under the whip and spur of steam and electricity. The traveler does not plod over the country in slow coaches and ox trains. The railway train, with sleeping and dining cars, penetrates almost every county. Dakota is young and is populated with a young and active people, and hospitable welcome is extended to new comers.

HER RESERVED RESOURCES.

Mother (severely)—"That dress is altogether too low, Lillie. I am surprised at you."

Lillie (turning very red)—"I hope you don't think it immodest, mamma. Helen Alstrip's are ever so much lower."

Mother—"But it is her fifth season and your second. If you exhaust your resources so soon what are you going to do next year?"

Northern Pacific

RAILROAD LANDS

FOR SALE.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS

for sale at LOW RATES and on EASY TERMS. These lands are located along the line in the States and Territories traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as follows:

In Minnesota,	Upwards of 1,350,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	" 7,000,000 Acres
In Montana,	" 19,000,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	" 12,000,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

40,000,000 Acres.

These lands are for sale at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered by any railroad company, ranging chiefly

FROM \$1.25 TO \$6 PER ACRE

For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is an equal amount of Government lands lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption and Tree Culture laws.

TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS.

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre, Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$6 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.60 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time.—Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 320 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to settle on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to

A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, Gen'l Land Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to

PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Agt., Tacoma, Wash.

WRITE FOR PUBLICATIONS.

DO THIS! Send for the following publications, containing illustrations and maps, and describing the finest large bodies of fertile AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS now open for settlement in the United States.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, the soil, climate and productions; the agriculture and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantage which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests and agricultural sections. Also Sectional Land Maps of Districts in Minnesota.

When writing for publications, include the names and addresses of acquaintances who contemplate removal to a new country.

WRITE FOR PUBLICATIONS.—They are illustrated and contain valuable maps and descriptive matter, and are MAILED FREE OF CHARGE to all applicants. For information relating to lands and the Northern Pacific country, address

P. B. GROAT,
General Emigration Agent,

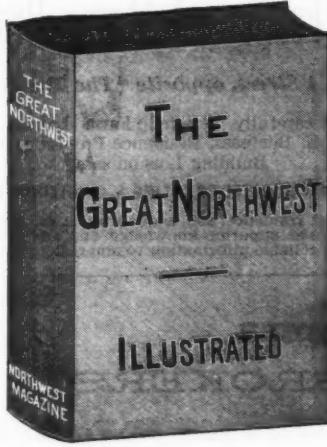
OR

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

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Land Commissioner,

GUIDE TO THE GREAT NORTHWEST. ILLUSTRATED.

Useful for Home-seekers, Tourists and Investors. A vast amount of information about the Great Northwest not to be obtained elsewhere at any price.



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THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No attorney's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

North Dakota.

If you are interested in the development of the new prairie State of North Dakota, write to the Minnesota and Dakota Land and Investment Company, Mannheimer Block, St. Paul, Minn., for a folder map, showing where you can get cheap and good lands for farming and stock-raising near railroads, schools, and towns. This map will be sent free to all applicants.

A Good Chance for Investment and Enterprise.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS,

ON LAKE MINNEWASKA, MINNESOTA.

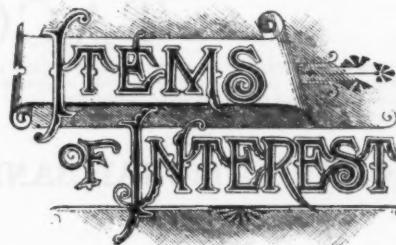
A tract of 100 acres fronting on Lake Minnewaska, immediately adjoining the village of Glenwood, county-seat of Pope County, Minnesota, is now offered for sale at a low price. This is by far the best site in the Northwest for a Sanitarium and Summer Resort. Lake Minnewaska is eight miles long and about two and a half miles wide. Its shores are bold and handsomely wooded. Among the many beautiful lakes in Minnesota none equals this for picturesqueness. The elevation is about 2,500 feet above the sea-level. The surrounding country is rolling prairie with frequent groves of oak, and is peculiarly attractive for drives and excursions. The tract of land offered for sale has a frontage of about three-quarters of a mile on the lake shore and includes Eagle Point, the most conspicuous promontory on the entire lake. This Point, with its natural park, its elevation of forty feet above the water and its facilities for obtaining both mineral water and pure spring water from neighboring springs is admirably adapted for the site of a summer resort hotel and sanitarium. The springs on the tract are three in number, two containing sulphur and iron and one having a copious flow of pure water. They are situated on a hill slope sufficiently elevated above the Point for water to be carried into the third story of a hotel.

Glenwood is a handsome village of 1,000 inhabitants, with good schools, churches, newspapers, stores, etc. It is connected with St. Paul and Minneapolis by two lines of railroad, the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Sault Ste. Marie. Time from St. Paul about four hours.

No better opportunity can be found for the establishment of a health and pleasure resort of a high character. Many people are already attracted to the shores of Lake Minnewaska every summer by the remarkable beauty of the lake and the invigorating quality of the air. Good hotel accommodations will soon make this the most popular Lake Resort in Minnesota. It has all the beauties of the lakes now frequented, and also what no other lake has, the advantage of springs of mineral water of decided value for curative purposes. The fishing for black bass, pickerel and pike is excellent and there is good shooting for game birds in all the neighboring country.

For particulars and price of this property address

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
Cor. 3d and Minnesota Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.



Investors and home seekers can double their money in and near Tacoma and Orting, Wash., by investing in corner lots and acreage.

W. S. TAYLOR, 1128 Pacific Ave., Tacoma. Refer to Henry Hewitt, Jr., Traders Bank, Tacoma.

A Useful Invention.

Much interest is being taken by the physicians of this city in a case of almost total deafness, which has been nearly if not entirely relieved by an inexpensive invention belonging to F. Hiscock, of 853 Broadway, New York City. As every known device and the most skillful treatment, had failed to afford relief, the case was believed to be incurable, and the success of this invention, which is easily and comfortably adjusted, and practically invisible, is considered a remarkable triumph.

Approximate Gross Earnings of the Northern Pacific Railroad Co. for Month of August.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET.			
NEW YORK, Sept. 4, 1889.			
1888.	1889.		
Miles: Main Line and Branches..	3,316.46	3,461.89	144.93
Month of Aug. '89.	\$1,665,291.28	\$2,044,864.00	\$379,572.72
GEO. S. BAXTER, Treasurer.			

Perfect Photography.

Of the tens of thousands scattered from St. Paul to Duluth, Winnipeg, Tacoma, Portland, and all over the United States and the Dominion of Canada, who read THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, a great many, no doubt some thousands, visit St. Paul every year and carry away some souvenir or memento. To all wanting a perfect photograph, we wish to recommend Mr. T. M. Swem of 419 Wabasha Street. Mr. Swem's Photograph Gallery, recently newly furnished, is the finest in the Northwest, and his work is at least equal to the very best done in Chicago or New York. We think it will not do injustice to others to call Mr. Swem the leading photographer of St. Paul. Nearly all the prominent people of St. Paul have photographs taken by him.

Harvest is Past

And now is the time when the farmer, having worked (with the hired man harder than ever during the long days of summer, feels that he can leave the boys to fatten the cattle and carry swill to the pigs while he takes a stroll outside the farm fences, to see a little of the big world beyond. Unless he is a gentleman farmer, living in the East, he will go to Europe, but try to see some of his own country, the Dakotas and the Pacific Northwest, or California and the Rockies. To do this, rail travel must be his means, and his enjoyment of the trip will depend much on his selection of a line. In whatever direction he goes, he will find "The Burlington" unparalleled for speed, safety and comfort, and can be supplied with tickets and any needed information, by the local agents of the line, or by writing to W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Things Worth Remembering.

That it is dangerous to stand near a tall tree or spire during a thunder storm.
That the southwest corner of the cellar is the "cyclone safety point."
That there is no medicine so universally applicable to sickness as fresh air and sunshine.
That blowing out the gas before retiring is funny—to everybody except the one who tries it.
That you may swear as hard as you please, but it will not remove grease spots.
That the Wisconsin Central is the most popular line between Minneapolis and St. Paul and Milwaukee and Chicago.
That its fast train leaves Minneapolis daily at 6.25 P. M., St. Paul at 7.15 P. M., with through Pullman sleepers, arriving in Milwaukee at 7.27 and Chicago at 9.59 the following morning, serving breakfast in dining car.
That before starting on a trip always get information from some reliable Ticket Agent, and that nowhere will it be more cheerfully given than at the City Ticket Offices of the Wisconsin Central, No. 19 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis, and 162 East Third Street, corner of Jackson, St. Paul. Address letters to Chas. E. Dixon, Acting City Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, F. H. Anson, General Northwestern Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, or Louis Eckstein, Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. Situated near the head of Puget Sound, on the tide-water of the Pacific Ocean. Ships more lumber and coal than any other port on the Pacific Coast, and more wheat than any other port except San Francisco. Direct importations of tea and other Asiatic commodities. Population, 25,000. Numerous important manufacturing industries. Large jobbing houses. Steam and electric motor street railways. Three colleges. Waterworks, gas and electric light.

PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK, Tacoma, Wash.

Paid up Capital, : : : \$100,000
Surplus, : : : 40,000

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T. B. WALLACE, Vice-President.
L. R. MANNING, Cashier.
J. M. KERR, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
C. P. Masterson, T. B. Wallace, J. P. Stewart,
W. D. Tyler, L. R. Manning.

Tacoma National Bank,
TACOMA, WASHINGTON.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$100,000.
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Cashier, W. F. FRASER. Ass't Cashier, H. O. FISHBACK.
Directors—R. Wingate, G. E. Atkinson, I. W. Anderson,
Edmund Rice, Jr., W. B. Blackwell.

No. 3172.
Merchants National Bank,
TACOMA, WASH.
Merchants National Bank—oldest Bank in Tacoma.
In their own building, Cor. Pacific Ave. and 11th St.
Paid up Capital, \$250,000.
Surplus (over dividends), \$20,000.
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SAMUEL COLLYER, Cashier. R. J. DAVIS, Ass't Cashier.
Directors—M. F. Hatch, Walter J. Thompson, Geo. F. Orchard, Henry Drum, Nelson Bennett, Samuel Collyer.
Deposits (large or small) of individuals, firms or banks receive careful attention. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest on time deposits.

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H. L. ACHILLES, Cashier.
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H. S. LILLAGAR, Agent at Orting.

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Tacoma number

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Full information furnished on application. Free carriage to show the city to visitors and investors.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Traders Bank of Tacoma.

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TACOMA,

The Western Terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the Head of Navigation, and The Only Wheat Shipping Port on Puget Sound.

Look at the following evidences of its growth:

Population in 1880, 760. Population, March, 1889, 22,000 to 25,000.

Assessed value of property in 1880.....	\$517,927	Banks Jan., 1889.....	6
Assessed value of property in 1888, over.....	\$5,000,000	Private Schools in 1875.....	0
Real Estate Transfers for 1885.....	\$667,356	Private Schools in 1888.....	3
Real Estate Transfers for 1888.....	\$8,855,598	Public Schools in 1880.....	3
Coal shipped in 1882.....	(Tons) 56,300	Public Schools in 1888.....	6
Coal shipped in 1888.....	(Tons) 272,529	Value of Public School Property.....	\$150,000
Crop of Hops in 1881.....	(Bales) 6,098	Value of Private School Property.....	150,000
Crop of Hops in 1888.....	(Bales) 40,000	Money spent in Building Improvements in 1887.....	\$1,000,000
Lumber exported in 1888, over.....	(Feet) 73,000,000	Money spent in Building Improvements in 1888.....	2,148,572
Wheat shipped in 1888.....	(Bushels) 2,528,400	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1887.....	90,000
Miles of Railway tributary in 1880.....	136	Money spent in Street Improvements in 1888.....	263,200
Miles of Railway tributary in 1888.....	2,375	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1887.....	250,000
Regular Steamers in 1880.....	6	Money spent by N. P. R. R. Co. on Terminal Improvements in 1888.....	506,000
Regular Steamers in 1888, March.....	30	The N. P. R. R. Co. will spend this year (1889) on Terminal Improvements.....	\$1,000,000.
Banks in 1880.....	1		

TACOMA is the only natural outlet for the grain crop of the Inland Empire, as Eastern Washington and Oregon is aptly termed, and it costs from \$1,500 to \$4,000 less to ship a cargo of wheat from Tacoma than from any other port north of San Francisco.

TACOMA now shows more healthy and rapid growth than any other point in the Northwest, and is the best location for Manufacturers for supplying both Inland and Water Trade. Full printed and written information will be furnished on application to

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General Manager of The Tacoma Land Co. TACOMA, WASH.

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942¹ Pacific Ave.

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Do not wait until you have a certain amount. Send what money you have—two, three, four or five hundred dollars. We will invest it for you either in real estate that will surely increase in value, or will loan it for any time specified so it will net you ten per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. Security ample—first mortgages only. The amount loaned shall not exceed forty per cent. of OUR valuation of the property.
Write for full information. References by permission—Merchants National Bank of Tacoma or City Bank of Minneapolis.

Real Estate

and Loans.

Tacoma Investments.

E. BENNETT, OF TOPEKA, Importer of Percheron and Clydesdale horses, purchased 80 acres of land, \$350 per acre, 3½ miles from P. O., Tacoma, Nov., 1888. As "Attorney in Fact," now selling lots at \$200 each, known as "Hunt's Prairie Addition." Over ½ sold. LOCAL TRAINS to Lake View passing through the tract, commence running soon, when prices will advance 25 per cent. Wm. McDougall, of New York, purchased in March 40 acres west of Tacoma, \$650 per acre. To-day it will sell readily for \$1,000. Can refer to many others if required.

Have some good Acreage suitable for Additions near the city.

Address

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Birds-Eye View Lithographs of Tacoma, 24x36 inches, forwarded on receipt of 50 cents.

1889.

1889.

Tacoma, Washington.

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WASH.

The Hotel of Bellingham Bay.

Headquarters for Tourists,
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P. D. MCKELLAR, Prop'r.

A New Addition to this City—

"Bethell's First,"

Situated in the Third Ward, and comprising Forty-two Lots, will be placed upon the market this fall at reasonable figures. Here is an opportunity to make an investment which will pay at least FIFTY per cent. profit inside of twelve months.

BETHELL, McMANUS & GILLESPIE,
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THE SECURITY BANK OF TACOMA, TACOMA, WAS.

Capital, \$100,000. Paid in, \$80,000.

Transacts a General Banking Business.
President, A. J. HAYWARD. Vice Pres't, W. H. BRADLEY.
Cashier, R. H. PASSMORE. Ass't Cashier, A. F. EASTMAN.

Correspondents: American Exchange National Bank, New York; Union National Bank, Chicago; First National Bank, Portland, Or.

GEO. F. ORCHARD,
Director Merchants Nat'l Bank.

W. H. OPIE,
Notary Public.

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Real Estate Bought and Sold.

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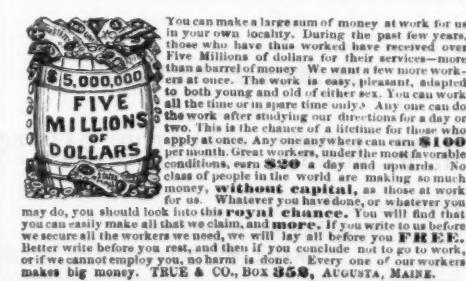
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A DUEL IN COEUR D'ALENE.

Hev ye hearn about the duel up in Coeur d'Alene, Josh? They say't war quite excitin' like—the shootin' fine, b'gosh!

Ther fracas war a "stand-up" between them Dutch galoots; An' all the boys were slick on hand, ye bet yer yaller boots.

The challenge it war given o' Sunday in the shed War Parson Bucks war preachin' an' bobbin' his bald head.

Hane Sweetzerkase gave Pretzel some name like Sauerkraut; An' Pretzel says: "Got! Himmel!" an' fires his rival out.

At five o' Monday morning the boys wur on the ground, An' fast-row seats wux sellin' at prices fat on' round. The audience war awatin' for the circus to begin; An' bats wuz tuck and offered, 'th odds on who 'ud win.

Ole Boggs and Colonel Principle wuz slingin' all the style, An' pacin' off the distance with a weird don't-touch-me-style.

They wuz handlin' the shooters, a-rammin' down the wads, An' a-lookin' high an' mighty like a pair of heathen gods.

An' Parson Binks were standin' with a sermon in his hand, All ready fer to preach it when the victim bit the sand. Josh! he hed the look o' angels in the corner o' his eye, An' wuz doin' holy horror with an amen sort of sigh.

At last Jim Gleason hollers; "The jewelists is come!" We looked: an' cuss my peepers of we wusn't all struck dumb!

For the costume that they sported war the durndest lookin' thing This bloomin' yairth hez witnessed since fig-leaf suits fer spring.

Both men wur fixed with brest-plates like mattresses o' hair. An' ther necks war wound with paddin' so's jest ther chin wuz bare; Ther arms wuz out, but covered with a quilted chammy skin; An' dark green iron goggles shut both ther eyelids in.

"The h—l!" sez Boggs, "is this yer thing a Prussian dress parade?

Is Dutchmen at a premium? Does Texas choose the blade?

Yer won't take shootin'-irons! Yer sneered? Ye both say no?

W'at, boys, then let 'em carve 'emselves! I give up this yer show!"

Then the faces of that audience showed solemn with disgust;

Some sat sarcastic silent, an' some got up an' cussed; An' Binks, our bald-headed parson, he paced a narrow path.

Aquatin' bits o' Scriptur ter smother down his wrath.

At last he stopped, an' pointin' with his papers in his hand To them two German chromos, he sez in accents grand: "I kem to see a shootin', an' ter order up the hearse, Ter preach the fun'l sermon, an' ter sing a solemn verse.

"An' by the great sombrero of the Mexican Saint Ann! I'm goin' to do this business if I have ter shoot ther man! Do ye hear me? I'm a buzzard an' my plumes are iled with paint, I'm a carmine hue dispenser, ef I am a Christian saint."

Then Ferguson jumped sudden' to his feet and sez: "My friend, You'll remember I'm ashoutin' an' I'm heeled from end to end.

I hav hearn that once the licker here wuz stopped by your durned talk, You wuz preachin' high o' temperance, an' drawin' lines o' chalk,

"An' ever since that cussedness I've laid ter get yer cold, An' now's the time, my fightin' saint, when you'll jest lose yer hold; Fer I'll help yer on yer journey ter the land o' Holy Writ, Whar I hopes ye'll find a parish and a halo that'll fit."

They say ther fight wur splendid; they both war full o' sand;

That Principle said "fire" in a voice of deep command: Thet the boys war quite excited than admirin' ole Binks, An' thet when the thing war ended he ordered up the drinks.

An' Ferguson wur honored with ten candles at his head; An' the parson preached his sermon an' eulogized the dead;

An' he said this wur a case, Josh, o' licker and profanity Which had struck a sort o' snag in muscular Christianity. —A. F. Underhill in Oregonian.

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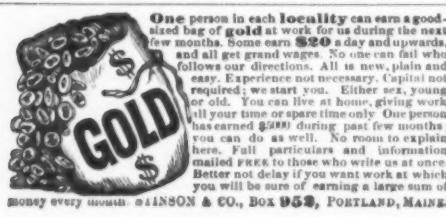
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CURRENT ANECDOTES.

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

Judge Duffy—"Describe the man whom you saw assaulting complainant."

Policeman—"He was a little, insignificant cratur about your size, your Honor."

STRICTLY BUSINESS-LIKE.

Senior Partner (to head clerk): "You'll excuse me for mentioning it, but—er—your face is hardly as tidy as I would like to see it."

Head Clerk—"I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir."

Senior Partner—"So I see; but I can't permit employees to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time!"—*Grip*.

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

Owner of racing horse (looking closely at scales): "Williams, you are a trifle over weight. Can't you lighten yourself a little?"

Williams (the jockey): "Got on my lightest suit, sir. Ain't ett a bite to-day and 'ave just trimmed my finger nails."

Owner—"Well, go and get shaved."—*Chicago Tribune*.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"Can you lend me \$5?"

"Can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I never lent you any money, so I don't know whether you would pay me or not."

"Well, great Scott! isn't it worth \$5 to find out what kind of a man I am? I might strike you for a hundred some day."—*Harper's Bazar*.

ONLY TWO DOLLARS IN THE BANK.

He entered a bank in a Kansas town just at noon, when the place was deserted by all save the cashier, who had a far-away look in his eyes as his pale face appeared at the wicket. Drawing a revolver from his hip pocket, the man with the sombrero and buckskin shirt and long hair rested the barrel on the counter and said:

"I am Buckskin Joe."

"Yes?"

"Shell out!"

The cashier reached around for a two dollar bill and laid it before him.

"Hand out the boodle or I'll blow daylight through you!" was the stern command.

"There it is," was the calm reply.

"Don't monkey with me! Hand over the funds!"

"There is every dollar we have in the bank. Come around here and see for yourself."

"But—but—"

"Easy enough explained. The president and cashier eloped in company last night, and this is the bill they overlooked. I'm the teller and I'm standing here in hopes to take in enough deposits to pay my fare to Chicago."

"And the shanty is busted?"

"As you see. Sorry for you, old boy, but you ought to have dropped in yesterday. Please do me the favor to keep still as you go out. I've been lynched twice in this State, and I don't admire the sensation."

SHE PROVED AN ALIBI FOR HIM.

A farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was, that he came into town and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial the defendant said he could prove on alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a buxom lass of twenty-two. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from seven in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love!" she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I gave 'em the wink about 10."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you sure?"

She blushed, looked over to her lover, and laughed, and, getting a nod to go ahead, she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve the old man jumped out of bed up stairs and hollered down, 'Sarah, yer mar wants some o' that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking chair, and went over backwards, keplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?"

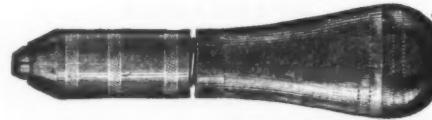
"I object!" put in Samuel's lawyer, and his honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection."—*Preston (Minn.) Times*.

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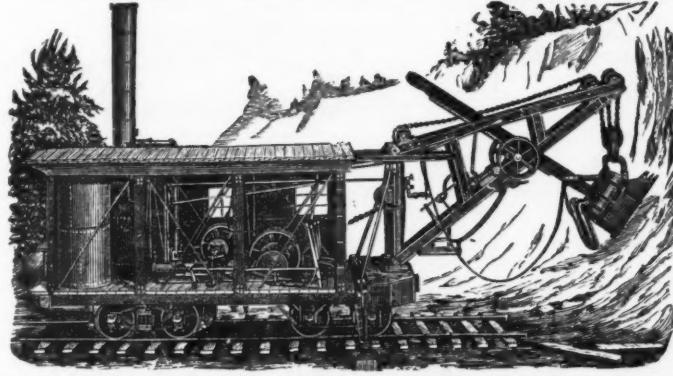
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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Jepson—"Why is it that men marry widows?" Johnson—"They don't. It is the widows that marry them."

"That's stuff," said the editor, as he handed the poem back. "That's tough," said the poet, as he turned sorrowfully away.

"Well, what do you think of the new neighbors who have moved in next door, Mrs. Pryer?" "I havn't had a chance to form an opinion. They havn't had a washing day yet."

A CONJUGATION.

Let us conjugate, sweet heart, the verb to bus.
Bus, I kiss you; then once more, that's a re-bus;
Now, I kiss you many times for pluribus.
This fond kiss, dear, in the dark is erebus—
Pshaw! I missed your sweet lips then—a blunderbus;
So I'll take them all, love, please, for omnibus.

W. E. P. F.

"Pat, is that true that I hear?"
"An' what's that, yer honor?"
"That you are going to marry again?"
"That's so, yer honor."
"But your first wife has only been dead a week."
"Shure she's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honor."

query. "He was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, half smothered in sobs, "no relation at all, and that's just what I am crying for."

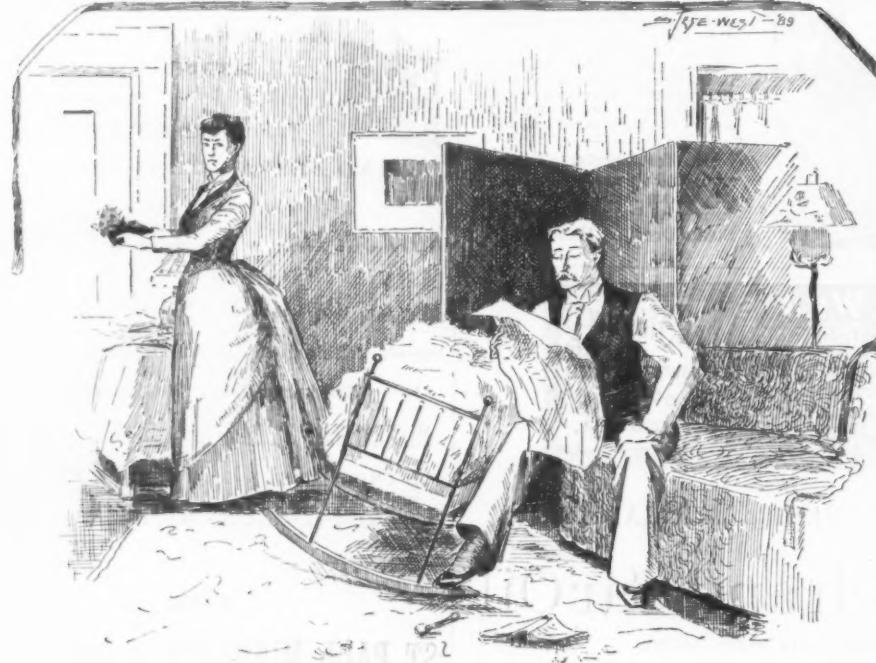
Pat (in gaping wonder at the letters on a Hebrew butcher's sign)—"Here, Mike, 'tis yerself has the foine l'arnin'. Can yez rade that now?" Mike—"I cannot, but if I had me flute here I belave I cud play it."

The baggage smasher merrily
Now tosses travelers' trunks;
He cacklinates with ghoulish glee,
And breaks them into chunks.
But some fine morn this soulless fiend
Will skyward take his flight,
For he will monkey with a trunk
That's filled with dynamite.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my life?"

"Really," responded the young man, turning half-way round with a look of great interest on his face. "How do you work it?"

A country lawyer who ordered a table to be made by a cabinet maker annoyed the latter very much by not calling for it as he had agreed to. When he did arrive, a year after his order was given, the cabinet-maker said: "You are the most un-com-for-table customer I have ever had.



THE BUSTLE IS GOING OUT.

Husband (reading the fashion notes in the newspaper)—"I see that the bustle is going out."
Wife—"Yes, and I'm going out with it, and you can mind the baby till I get back."

Douglas Mactervish—"Sandy, remember this, mon. Honesty is aye the best policy."
Sandy—"How do ye know, Douglas Mactervish?"
Douglas Mactervish—"I hev tried balth."

Mrs. Youngwife—"I am so happy. My dear husband never goes out. He always stays at home with me in the evenings."

Female Friend—"Yes, I have heard that he never cared for pleasure of any kind."

Fond lover (after a long-delayed proposal)—"Perhaps I have been too sudden, darling." Darling girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—"Yea, George it is very, very sudden, but"—and here she became faint again—"It is not too sudden."

"Do you take the Western Agriculturist?"
"I used to, but I don't any more. The editor insulted me."

"Really! In what way?"
"The other day I called on him and asked his opinion as to the best way of raising hogs, and he told me to pull myself up with a derrick."

"Hans," said one German to another in the street of Frankfort, "what are you crying about?" "I am crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" was the further

Griggs—"Since I left the parental roof I have accumulated about 200 pairs of socks, which with a little mending would be as good as new. Who do you think I could get to mend them?"

Briggs—"A wife would be cheapest."

"What's your name, sis?" asked Cholly of the pretty waiter girl.

"Pearl, sir."
"Ah, you're the pearl of great price, no doubt?"
"No, sir, I'm the pearl before swine."

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An old couple living in Gloucester,
Had a beautiful girl, but they louchester;
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold waves had touchester.
An old lady living in Worcester,
Had a gift of a handsome young roroester;
But the way that it crough,
As 'twould never get through,
Was more than the lady was Worcester.
At the bar in the old inn at Leicester,
Was a beautiful barmaid named Heicester;
She gave to each guest
Only what was the best,
And they all, with one accord, bleicester.

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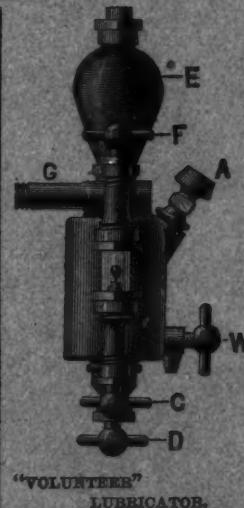
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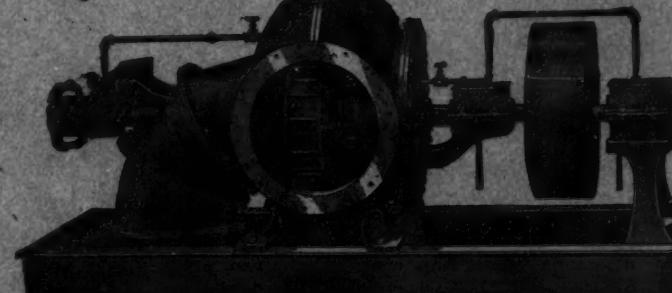
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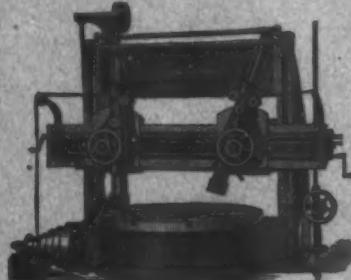
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